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WILLSON ALEXANDER SCOTT

BY IDA M. HUNTINGTON

Among the earliest as well as most active and enterprising settlers of the frontier town of Fort Des Moines was Willson Alexander Scott,¹ familiarly known as "Aleck" Scott. His pioneering proclivities were undoubtedly inherited, as his forefathers for several generations had migrated from place to place, keeping ever well to the front in the advance of civilization. His great-great-grandfather, Andrew Scott, emigrated from Scotland to America in 1725, settling in York County, Pennsylvania. Here a son, John, was born about 1734 and a grandson, John, in 1763. These two moved to Virginia, where in May, 1780, the younger John, at the age of seventeen years, enlisted in the Revolutionary War from Washington County, in the regiment of Colonel William Gamble, and served one year, participating in the battles of Kings Mountain and Wetzells Mills. When the war was over he married Nancy Keith and became the father of nine sons and five daughters. With part or all of this family he migrated to Illinois, stopping for a while on the way in Tennessee, Kentucky and Indiana. He reached Illinois in 1824 when over sixty years of age, and located in Island Grove Township, Sangamon County.

Several members of his family, including his oldest son, Andrew, a son James, and a son-in-law, Samuel Glenn, also settled in Sangamon County and entered land in Island Grove Township. James Scott and Samuel Glenn afterward removed to DeWitt County and both represented that county at some time in the Illinois legislature.

¹Genealogical records and personal correspondence were furnished by Mrs. Mary L. Mendenhall, Springfield, Illinois, a niece of Mr. Scott's. Mrs. Mendenhall has kindly assisted in every possible way in the preparation of this sketch.

Andrew Scott remained in Sangamon County until his death in 1859 and was one of the influential men of the community. He had identified himself early in life with the reform movement begun by Thomas and Alexander Campbell, and did all he could to establish helpful and uplifting influences in the new community in which he had settled. He worked on his farm week days and spent his Sundays organizing churches and officiating at funerals and weddings. It is said that he officiated at the first marriage in Island Grove Township. The first schoolhouse in that locality was built on his farm and a church soon followed it. All the preachers who held services in the church and the teachers who taught in the schoolhouse made his house their temporary home. This farm has never gone out of the ownership of the Scott family.

Willson² Alexander Scott, son of Andrew, was born November 20, 1818, in Crawford County, Indiana, where the family made a stay of several years on their way from Virginia to Illinois. His early life was lived amid pioneer surroundings and his early education obtained in the schoolhouse on his father's farm in Illinois. A "Schedule of a Common School kept by William Simpson³ in July, 1839," shows Wilson A. Scott as one of six Scott children in attendance. The attendance of the three girls, Lucinda, Dorinda, and Melinda was nearly perfect, while that of the three boys, Willson, Caleb, and John, would indicate that it was the busy season of the year and their services were needed on the farm. As Willson was in his twenty-first year at this time, his attendance at school was probably much interrupted.

Later it is thought he attended Illinois College, one of the first colleges established in the West, founded by the "Yale Band" of eastern professors in 1829 at Jacksonville, Illinois. He also studied higher mathematics and surveying and occasionally practiced the latter occupation.

Possessed by the same spirit of adventure and love of pioneer life that animated his forefathers, James L. Scott, older brother of Willson A., migrated about 1837 to the newly opened terri-

²His signatures show both forms of spelling, "Wilson" and "Willson."

³William Simpson was a Scotchman, quite an original character and considered a wonderful teacher. It is said he could have several classes on the floor reciting at the same time and detect any error made. He was studying medicine and was betrothed to one of the older Scott girls, who was broken-hearted at his untimely death at Lexington, Kentucky, April 9, 1842.

tory of Iowa and settled in Jefferson County where he became an active factor in the life of the community. He acted as bidder for some of the Jefferson County squatters at the land sales at Burlington in November, 1838, was commissioned sheriff by Governor Lucas in September, 1839, and at the first election in Jefferson County was elected sheriff. In 1839 he was married to Mary A. Gilmer.⁴

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Scott were soon joined by a cousin, John B. Scott, from De Witt County, Illinois, and by their younger brother, Willson A. Scott. On February 1, 1841, James L. Scott wrote to his father, Andrew Scott, and after finishing his letter to him, added postscripts to other members of the family as was the custom of that time. One of these postscripts was to W. A. Scott, congratulating him on his "doing so well," but not specifying in what way. He was evidently still at home at this date. A promissory note dated a little over a month later, March 6, 1841, payable to Presley A. Saunders, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and signed "Wilson A. —————" would indicate that he had reached Iowa in the intervening time. A letter written by one of the Scott girls to her brothers, James L. and Willson A. Scott, dated May 5, 1842, and directed to Fairfield, Iowa, is evidence of that being his address, although he may have been exploring other parts of the state. His brother-in-law was heard to say frequently that Aleck Scott was the first white man to stand on the site of Des Moines.

Very little is known of his movements until he settled in Fort Des Moines. Captain James Allen of Company I, First U. S. Dragoons, came up the Des Moines River from Fort Sandford in a little steamer and landed some of his men with their baggage and stores on the 9th day of May, 1843. On the 20th day of May his entire company of dragoons landed and went into camp at the chosen site, and were joined the next day by Captain J. R. B. Gardenier with Company F of the First Infantry. Here they were to erect a fort and other buildings necessary to establish themselves. Their purpose was the protection of the Sac and Fox Indians against the incursions of the white settlers until the expiration of the time granted the Indians by the treaty of

⁴Western Historical Company, "History of Jefferson County, Iowa," 1879, pp. 367, 395, 420.

1842 for the use of these lands as hunting grounds. Of necessity food for the men and provender for the horses must be raised or traded for, and a few white men were allowed within the limits of the Fort and to settle near by in the capacity of artisans, farmers and traders. Willson Alexander Scott and John B. Scott of Jefferson County, his cousin, were among those who obtained these special permits, were granted claims, and contracted to raise corn, hay and other farm products for the garrison. A copy of the contract made with John B. Scott gives the terms and conditions under which they worked:

The said J. B. Scott shall be permitted to open and cultivate a farm in the Indian country to embrace at least one section of land of 640 acres, the said farm to be selected by the said Scott at any place not nearer than one mile of the said military post from any single body of land not appropriated to the purposes of the said military post, or for the Indian villages or the licensed trading houses in the country. The said Scott to enjoy the use and the benefit of the said farm until the time that the Indians shall have left the country agreeably to their late treaty with the United States to remove south of the Missouri River; provided that the said Scott shall from time to time faithfully execute all his agreements of this contract and provided further that he shall not violate any law of the United States regulating trade and intercourse in the Indian country nor any proper regulation of the said military post or order of the commanding officer.⁵

They also carried on an extensive trade with the Indians and built their log trading post on the east side of the river near what is now Court Avenue. The Fort was situated on the point between the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers, the gardens of the soldiers lay along the north and south banks of the Raccoon and the farmers and settlers were located on the east side of the Des Moines River.

In his double capacity of trader and farmer, Aleck Scott was engaged until the removal of the Indians to their lands in Kansas was effected, when he went with them as a trader. Lieutenant Grier, who was in charge of the Fort, had sent Lieutenant Noble up the Des Moines River in search of a band of Indians who, to avoid being forced to leave, had scattered. They were found in poor condition for the transfer. In a letter dated March 7, 1846, Lieutenant Grier wrote: "Mr. Scott, one of their trad-

⁵Porter's "Annals of Polk County and City of Des Moines," 1898, p. 105.

ers, supplied them with provisions but was not willing to furnish transportation, and I directed the A. A. quartermaster to do so."⁶

When at noon on March 10, 1846, the Fort was vacated by the soldiers, Fort Des Moines ceased to exist as a military post. Land entries were permitted and the settlers rushed in to take possession. Aleck Scott returned and purchased five hundred acres of land on the east side of the river. This land was eventually to become the principal part of the East Side of the City of Des Moines. Here, just south of the hill now known as Capitol Hill, Mr. Scott built his double log cabin. A double log cabin in those days consisted of two log houses, one serving as a dwelling and the other as a stable, with a roofed space connecting them, used as a shelter for wagons, machinery, etc. Old settlers remember when his cornfields spread over the territory now occupied by the business streets of the East Side.

Apparently he again associated in business with John B. Scott. On December 18, 1846, his brother, James L. Scott, wrote home as follows:

We heard from W. A. and J. B. Scott about three weeks ago. Mr. Lewis, the old gentleman you will recollect that superintended the feeding of their horses the fall you were out, has been with them ever since Eleck was here this spring, called and stayed all night with us and gave us information of and about them. He says they received ten thousand dollars in boxes and got some three or four thousand dollars by trade this payment. The payment came off the 26th of October, later than they expected by over a month. This I suppose is the reason that Eleck has not been over. We have never received a letter from them since one directly after Eleck got home from here this spring, but they sent Mr. Lewis to see me so everything is about safe and I think from Mr. Lewis' report to me they are by this time on sure footing.

The question of crossing the rivers began and continued to be of great importance in the history of the town. In the first years small boats had been used for the carrying of passengers. It is recorded that John B. Scott commenced running the first ferry on May 1, 1846.⁷ Another writer states that Aleck Scott put on a flatboat ferry in 1846 and did a profitable business.⁸

⁶ANNALS OF IOWA, 3d Ser., Vol. IV, p. 176.

⁷Dixon's "Centennial History of Polk County," 1876, p. 314.

⁸Andrews' "Pioneers of Polk County," 1908, Vol. I, p. 234.

In 1847 Aleck Scott was given a license by the county commissioners to run a ferry across the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers, the seal of the commissioners affixed being a silver half dollar.⁹ In the February, 1847, term of the board of county commissioners, John B. Scott was authorized "to keep ferries across both rivers, with rates of toll as follows: Footman, 5 cents; horseman, 12½ cents; wagon and span of horses, 37½ cents. These rates apply to both rivers."¹⁰ In the April, 1848, term W. A. and J. B. Scott were allowed to keep ferries over both rivers.¹¹ The rates of toll were evidently disregarded, and during the days of the rush of emigrants to California high prices for ferriage were charged and money rolled in upon the thrifty ferrymen.

Farming and ferrying did not exhaust the energies of Mr. Scott. In January, 1847, the board of county commissioners began to plan for the erection of a courthouse, and after various plans had been considered and rejected, specifications for a two-story brick building were finally decided upon. Bids were advertised for and it was ordered that a contract be let at the January, 1848, term. W. A. Scott, W. W. Jones, W. R. Close, and John Saylor presented bids, but that of Mr. Saylor being much the lowest, the contract was awarded to him.¹² Doubtless at this time Mr. Scott was beginning the building operations which he afterward conducted with great success.

Land sales of the land obtained by the last Indian purchase were to be held at Iowa City in the fall of 1848. Previous to this time the settlers had held their lands by what was termed claim rights which, while the customary method was just in itself, was not really legal. Speculators from the East had overrun the country, looking up the most valuable lands and were eager to give higher prices for them when they came into market than the settlers could afford. This aroused the indignation of the settlers who had spent years of labor in helping make the lands valuable. They were determined to save their claims and to pay no more than the lowest government price for them if possible. All strangers endeavoring to buy lands were viewed with suspicion and many outbreaks of ill feeling occurred. It

⁹Andrews' "Pioneers of Polk County," 1908, p. 236.

¹⁰Dixon's "Centennial History of Polk County," 1876, p. 92.

¹¹Dixon's "Centennial History of Polk County," 1876, p. 94.

¹²Porter's "Annals of Polk County and City of Des Moines," 1898, p. 144.

was decided by the settlers of Polk County that an organization to protect themselves and their claims from speculators and ill-intentioned people was advisable, so on April 8, 1848, they held a meeting and drafted and adopted resolutions that should voice their opinion in regard to the matter. Among the first signatures appended to these resolutions was that of W. A. Scott. J. B. Scott was one of the committee appointed to adjust claim difficulties.¹³

In 1849 occurred the Flemming and Perkins riots in which Aleck Scott bore a brief though prominent part. Asa Flemming had a claim a few miles south of Fort Des Moines and B. Perkins tried to pre-empt it, even filing the necessary papers for that purpose. This was deemed the more despicable as both men were members of the Claims Club which had been organized to prevent strangers from doing that very thing. Flemming and his neighbors one day found Perkins near the claim in dispute, and becoming incensed, pursued and shot at him. He fled to Fort Des Moines, and there feeling himself secure swore out a warrant against Flemming, charging him with shooting with intent to kill.

Flemming was later arrested and brought before a justice for examination. While the trial was being held his friends came in a mob, broke into the office and carried him away. The suddenness of the attack and the public sentiment in his favor caused the citizens to render no resistance. But when he was again arrested, such defiance of the law was not permitted. An armed and threatening mob of his friends formed south of the Raccoon River and called for the ferryman to carry them across. Aleck Scott, the ferryman, was equal to the occasion. He coolly refused to take them across to Fort Des Moines while they were armed. They stormed and threatened, but he would not ferry them over until their guns were stacked and other weapons removed. Finding him obdurate and immovable, they finally complied with his demands and his boat was at their service. Without arms they were of course unable to cause any great amount of trouble, and what might have proved a serious chapter in the history of the town was averted by the sagacity of Mr. Scott.¹⁴

¹³Turrill's "Historical Reminiscences of the City of Des Moines," 1857, p. 29.

¹⁴Turrill's "Historical Reminiscences of the City of Des Moines," 1857, p. 38.

After the organization of the town of Fort Des Moines, the town council had considerable altercation with Mr. Scott in regard to the ferries. The council felt that some revenue therefrom should accrue to the town. Mr. Scott claimed that he had obtained from old Chief Keokuk a perpetual commission to ferry across both rivers. For two years the council tried various methods to win their point. Finally an agreement was made that Mr. Scott should put in a float bridge, connecting Sycamore Street, now Grand Avenue, on the west side with Keokuk Street, now Grand Avenue, on the east side of the river. This did not prove a success for it was too long when the river was low and too short during the high water season. Mr. Scott therefore continued his ferries for some eight or ten years longer. Then he built the first trestle bridge over the Des Moines River at Market Street. This bridge was never very satisfactory and was destroyed in the freshet of 1859.¹⁵

Mr. Scott apparently continued living in his double log cabin south of Capitol Hill until 1849. In that year he launched out in the real estate business, and the *Iowa Star* of November 2, 1849,¹⁶ contains this brief paragraph: "Messrs. Buckingham, Dean and Scott commenced the survey of their addition to Fort Des Moines today. This addition is on the east bank of the Des Moines River directly opposite town, and well situated for business. We learn the lots will be in market soon."

Fort Des Moines as originally platted July 8, 1846, was bounded on the east by Water Street, on the west by Eighth Street, on the north by Locust street and on the south by Elm Street. Scott and Dean's addition to Fort Des Moines, East Side, seems to have been the first addition to the original plat and was made November 19, 1849. Records in the Polk County recorder's office give the plat of the addition and the filing agreement subscribed to by W. A. and Luesa Scott, his wife, John S. Dean and Nancy Dean, his wife.¹⁷

Some time previous to this date Mr. Scott had married the widow of an Indian interpreter who had been a friend of his.

¹⁵Andrews' "Pioneers of Polk County," 1908, p. 236.

¹⁶Newspaper Collections, Historical Department of Iowa, Des Moines.

¹⁷Village Plats, Book A, p. 102.

Mrs. Luesa Jayne was of French and Indian parentage, an exceedingly attractive woman, a good housekeeper, and noted for her taste in dress.

When the California gold excitement reached Fort Des Moines it had quite an effect upon the town. Many of the emigrant trains passed along this route and trade was brisk. Returns from the ferry business were also heavy. Mr. Scott fitted out different companies of emigrants and is thought to have made two trips to California himself. The following letter written by his brother describes the start of one of the expeditions which he is said to have fitted out and accompanied:

St. Francis,¹⁸ Iowa, April 24, 1850.

Dear Father and Mother,

I take the present moment to write you a letter to let you know how we are getting along with our California expedition. On the eighth of April we started and arrived at Fort Des Moines on the fifteenth without any particular difficulty. We had bad roads, it is true, but that we expected. We found Alex well and making from forty to fifty dollars per day. He has fitted out five men for the expedition; we are looking for them. When we got to Fort Des Moines we found grain \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel, but fortunately for us we wrote to Alex some time previous to secure our grain for us, which he did at 35c per bushel.

We started from Fort Des Moines the 17th and arrived here the 23rd without accident and intend leaving tomorrow. When we arrived here we found that grain was worth \$1.50 to \$2.50 per bushel and we paid \$2.00 per hundred for hay; for our grain at this place we pay from \$1.50 to \$1.75.

For the want of more time I shall have to conclude. I have many things that I would like to write if I had time. I would just state that James is along and well. We have both enjoyed good health since we started.

I want you all to render yourselves as easy on my account as possible, for just know that I will take care of myself. I want you to write in about six weeks and direct to Sacramento City. For the want of time I must conclude. I remain,

Yours etc.

C. L. SCOTT.

To Mr. Andrew Scott,

Berlin, Sangamon Co. Illinois.

(Mailed at Nebraska, Iowa, April 29, 1850)

¹⁸St. Francis, sometimes called Trader's Point, was on the Missouri River and a few miles below Kaneshville, now Council Bluffs.—Editor.

The other expedition left Des Moines on May 12, 1852, and on this trip Mr. Scott was accompanied by his wife. A brief letter to his father and family, with both names appended, tells of their start and gives a little information regarding his farm:

Nebraska Territory, May 23, 1852.

Dear Father and Mother and Sisters,

We embrace this opportunity of writing you a few lines to inform you that we are all well at present and hope these few lines may come to hand and find you enjoying the same blessing. We left Ft. Des Moine on the 12th inst. at ten o'clock, and crossed the Missouri river on the twenty-second inst. at four o'clock and camped here on Clear Lake, two and a half miles from the ferry. I have nothing of importance to write. I shall write to Hews relative to my farm. I want him if it will suit his convenience to come on to my farm as I only rented it for the present season. I have enclosed one hundred acres of land and if he wants to have more land by making about three thousand rails he can enclose a hundred acres more. * * * I shall write every opportunity from here to California and after we get there we will write you again.

W. A. & L. SCOTT.

I left our likeness in the trunk with some things that we left for Hews.

W. A. S.

Probably the "likeness" to which he refers is the one accompanying this article. He probably made only a short stay in California at this time.

The location of the capital of Iowa at Iowa City did not long remain satisfactory to the people, and as early as 1847 the necessity of re-location became apparent. The question was agitated for some years. About midway between the present towns of Monroe and Prairie City, Jasper County, was actually selected by a commission appointed by the First General Assembly and town lots staked off, some of them sold, and the place named Monroe City, but the commission's report was not adopted by the assembly and the site was abandoned. Bills were introduced in various assemblies at other times favoring Fort Des Moines and Pella. In 1855 a bill fixing the capital within two miles of the Raccoon Forks was passed by a decided majority.

On October 30, 1855, Mr. Scott and his wife wrote back to his family, urging them to come west, describing their prosper-

ity and the advantages of the town in glowing colors, and making mention of the capital:

Ft. Des Moin, Oct. 30, 1855.

Dear Father and sisters,

I avail myself of this opportunity of writing you a few lines to inform you that we are well and hope these few lines may come to hand and find you all enjoying the same blessing.

I have been improving this summer. I have put me up a brick house, 42 feet by 18, two stories high and an ell running back 28 feet by 16, two stories high with a cellar under it. I have the brick work completed and shall commence enclosing it tomorrow. I have also laid out 270 acres of my land into town lots. On the 26th day of November I shall sell some two or three hundred lots. I would like to see you all very well, but it will be out of my power to come to see you this winter I expect.

I think it probably would be a good plan for you to sell off your loose stock and rent your farm and come out here and live. If you should take a notion to do so I will give you some of the finest building lots you ever saw. You could live much easier and more contented I think than you can to stay there. * * * This is a great deal better country than that and it is destined to make the best place in the state. The capital of the state will be located here next spring, sure. * * * I think it would be the best thing Hews could do to come out here and buy some lots and go into business in the spring. I think it is the grandest opening for a business man that I ever saw. * * *

W. A. & L. SCOTT.

In a letter dated December 30th of the same year, he again urged his father to make his home with him, and further describes the fine brick house:

I see from your letter that you are left in a lonely situation and must be a very unpleasant one for you, but it appears to me that if you will accept my offer that you can be very pleasantly situated. It is my wish and desire that you should arrange your business against spring and come and live with me the balance of your days. I am truly glad that I am so situated that I can extend you the invitation and be able to make you comfortable and happy in your old days. * * *

About affairs at home. I have built me a two story brick building. It has nine rooms in it. I have not got it finished off yet. I am living in the ell part of it. I will have it all finished off early in the spring. I have laid off about one thousand lots which range at about one hundred and fifty dollars. I shall build very extensively next season. * * *

Again on March 2, 1856, he wrote of his business:

I think this a great deal better country [for] young people to make

money in than that old country for the facilities are greater. I have laid out upwards of eight hundred lots and I am selling from one hundred to three hundred dollars per lot and they will double that in one year in my opinion, and if the capitol should come on my side they would more than do that.

As was the custom at that time, many inducements were held out to the state by public-spirited citizens. W. A. Scott was a member of a private association composed of James A. Williamson, Joseph M. Griffiths, Dr. Alex Shaw, Dr. T. K. Brooks, Harrison and Alfred M. Lyons and others, which was organized in 1855 for the purpose of erecting the capitol.¹⁹ Mr. Scott platted and filed for record on January 30, 1856, the "Town of De Moine," all of which was on the east side of the river and extended from Court Avenue to the river and from the river on the west to East Twelfth Street on the east.²⁰ On June 3, 1856, he platted and filed for record "Scott's Addition to Town of Demoine," which included the present capitol site.²¹ He donated ten and two-tenth acres of this finest land on the East Side, now known as Capitol Hill, to the state.²² This organization of men then built the first capitol in Des Moines, just south of where the present building now stands, and rented it to the state for a nominal sum.

A sister who was visiting W. A. Scott at this time thus wrote to her father on May 12, 1856, dating her letter at "Demoine city":

¹⁹Porter's "Annals of Polk County and City of Des Moines," 1898, p. 175.

²⁰Village Plats, Book A, p. 189.

²¹Village Plats, Book A, p. 8.

²²There is on file in the Public Archives Division of the Historical Department the original report of the commissioners appointed by Governor Grimes to "relocate the seat of government of the state." These commissioners were appointed by virtue of an act of the Fifth General Assembly, approved by the governor January 25, 1855, and consisted of J. H. D. Street, Stewart Goodrell, Benjamin R. Pegram, Guy Wells, and John A. L. Crookham. The act required them to select a location within two miles of the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers. The report shows they met April 18, 1856, at Fort Des Moines (west side of river) "for the purpose of discharging the duty assigned them." They examined "the various locations situated within two miles of the junction" of said rivers and selected "a certain lot on the map of the Town of Demoine City [east side of river] in the county of Polk aforesaid, containing ten and two-tenth acres and situated on the east side of the Des Moines River, within two miles of the junction aforesaid, and thus defined, * * *. The said lot was obtained by donations without charge to the state, and in the opinion of the commissioners contains as much ground as is necessary for the capitol buildings. The commissioners have also obtained donations to the state as follows, to wit, one tract containing five and sixty-one one-hundredths acres, [Governor's Square] and one block [where East Des Moines High School Building now stands]. Having taken to their aid William H. McHenry, Esq., and Bernard Callan, competent surveyors," they surveyed and laid off these tracts, and received "proper conveyances" of them.—Editor,

The capitol is now permanently located $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile east of the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers, being on Alex's place. The 5 commissioners appointed by the governor to locate it were unanimous in their decision of the site selected. The governor has accepted the location and preparations will immediately be made to build a temporary building for the legislature to meet in this winter. Also there will be 2 fine hotels go up this summer. Alex requests me to say that he has just received from the governor specifications of the kind of a house he wants built and he is going out now to make arrangements to have it commenced immediately. He says he will write just as soon as he can get his business arranged so he can. There is about 150 houses gone up here since last season; great preparations for building this season. There was a steamboat arrival here Friday night. 2 more are on the way. The Des Moines river improvement is now all under contract. It is said to be in the hands of responsible men and men of energy, and will progress rapidly.

The citizens of Des Moines also advanced the funds necessary to remove the seat of government from Iowa City, as is evidenced by the following letter:²³

Iowa City, Aug. 27, 1857.

Hon. James W. Grimes,

Governor of the State of Iowa.

Sir;

Inasmuch as there was no provision made by the last Legislature for defraying the expense of the removal of the seat of Government from Iowa City to Des Moines in Polk Co.

I hereby agree that the funds necessary for defraying the expense of said removal shall be advanced by the citizens of Des Moines—such sum and at such time as you may require.

W. A. SCOTT.

It is related that when the first legislature met at Des Moines, accommodations for the members were scarce. Mr. Scott and other citizens opened their homes to them and entertained them with lavish expenditure. Mr. Scott's business had become so flourishing that in October, 1856, his brother, James L. Scott, had removed from Jefferson County to Des Moines to assist him. In December of that same year his sister wrote a glowing description of a "large and splendid party" given her by Alex on the occasion of her wedding.

In this year, 1857, Mr. Scott was at the height of his prosperity. Fort Des Moines was incorporated as the City of Des

²³Original letter in Public Archives Division of the Historical Department.

Iowa City Aug 27 1857

Hon James W Grimes

Governor of the State of Iowa

Sir

Inasmuch as there was no provision made by the last Legislature for defraying the expense of the removal of the Seat of Government from Iowa City to Fort Des Moines in Polk Co

I hereby agree that the funds necessary for defraying the expense of said removal shall be ~~provided~~ ^{advanced} by the Citizens of Des Moines such sum and at such time as you may require

W A Scott

Letter from W. A. Scott to Governor Grimes offering funds to remove the seat of government to Des Moines. (Original in Public Archives Division of Historical Department.)

Moines on January 28, 1857, and W. A. Scott was elected city councilman from the Seventh Ward at the election of May 4, 1857.²⁴ He was a Democrat in politics and ran for representative in the first legislature held in Des Moines, but was defeated by a relatively small number of votes. In a short note appended to one of his wife's letters to his father, he said: "We celebrated the great victory won in Illinois by S. A. Douglas the father of Illinois. We hope he will be candidate for president in '60 if Iowa will be redeemed for the democracy, and that will save the Union and that alone."

He lived in his handsome brick residence which was beautifully furnished with a piano and other articles of furniture rare in a frontier town. He was rich and generous, delighting to send

²⁴Proceedings of Town Council of Fort Des Moines, May 5, 1857, p. 4,

expensive gifts back to his parents and relatives in Illinois. A niece who visited him at this time says:

I saw him for the first and last time when he was in the midst of these and other enterprises, in 1857. * * * All around Des Moines at that early day we found prairie grass as high as the horses. Hidden in the grass were delicious wild strawberries and beautiful red lilies. My uncle was enthusiastic over the future of Des Moines, and had many friends among all classes as he deserved to have. He was generous to his friends and kind to the poor. To us children he was the mysterious uncle in the West who sent us beautiful toys, sometimes lovely hats and dresses; also jewelry,—lockets, and necklaces, bracelets, rings and brooches made from nuggets he had brought from the mines of California. He sent to his beautiful young sisters as presents fine riding horses, and to his father many horses. Among others a pair of matched greys that the old gentleman drove in his carriage as long as he lived.

In the spring of 1857 occurred that tragic incident in Iowa history, the Indian massacre at Spirit Lake. Of course all sorts of wild reports spread over the country, and as there were no railroads nor telegraphs in those days, it was impossible to obtain accurate information in regard to what had happened or was about to happen. The report reached Des Moines that the Sioux Indians were marching south with the intention of raiding the new capital. All possible arms were procured and men drilled for defense. A scouting party was made up to try to ascertain the truth of this report. W. A. Scott, Jefferson S. Polk, B. D. Thomas and others made a rapid ride toward Boonesboro, but found no foundation for the rumor, and upon their return the excitement subsided.²⁵

In the latter part of 1857 the shadow of hard times began to darken over the growing city and to affect those who had had a prominent part in its prosperity. The first mention of its touching the Scott family comes in a letter from James L. Scott to his parents, which gives so many interesting items of persons and events that it is worthy of being given almost in its entirety:

De Moin Citty, Iowa, Dec. 20th/57.

Dear Father & Mother,

We avail ourselves of the present Sabbath morning just before starting to meeting to write you a few lines. We are very anxious to hear from you. We have had no word from you for some time. Hews promised to write to us but he has not. We are all well at present and

²⁵Porter's "Annals of Polk County and City of Des Moines," 1898, p. 197.

all our friends as far as I know, and are all doing as well as could be expected. Lucinda I think has a very good man; they have a boy baby.

We have the seat of Government of the state located here and the state officers are all here with all that appertains to their offices and the supreme court is now in session and will probably hold their session until the legislature convenes which will be the second Monday in January. Times are very hard here at this time but we think they will be better toward spring. I would be glad if you would come over and see us next spring. I want you to write to us and let us know how you are getting along. As it is now about time to start to meeting I will postpone further writing until I return.

One o'clock P. M. We have just returned from meeting, Mary Ann, Cemantha and I. We heard a first rate sermon delivered by N. Sumerbell, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is probable you have read his debate with a Methodist preacher by the name of Flood, on the Trinity and Total Depravity. He is a very smart man, and I think a very good man. He is rather of the old stamp of Christians. We have not joined the church here yet but will as soon as we get our letters from Jefferson county.

I do not know how long we may stay here. I have not sold our farm yet, nor do I expect to soon for times are rather hard to sell land at present. I am well enough satisfied here and I think I can do well enough. You would probably like to know how or what I am doing. I am keeping Eleck's books at present and taking a general oversight of all his business, and I have two mule teams and one horse team that I am running every day at \$3 per day. I will clear with the teams about \$6 per day. * * *

On February 7, 1858, he wrote again:

Eleck is getting along as well as could be expected these hard times. He is keeping boarders during the session of the Legislature. He is keeping from 20 to 25 of the members. The Legislature met the second Tuesday in January and will probably hold until the first of April or probably longer, and then probably adjourn until some time in the fall. They have to codify the laws so as to agree with the new constitution. This is one reason why they hold so long a session. Another reason is that the Republicans have a majority and they are a little hungry. The building that was erected for the Legislature to meet in at this place by Eleck and others, I think the Legislature will take and pay the company for the same.

The hard times of 1857 and 1858 sadly effected Willson Alexander Scott. His generosity in the building of the capitol and in the donating of such a large tract of land for the capitol site had seriously drained his resources. Still a young man, with the spirit of adventure strong within him, he joined an expedi-

tion leaving for Pike's Peak. James L. Scott thus announced the news to his father on May 8, 1859, with other items regarding the hard times:

Eleck expects to start for Pike's Peak this week. The bridge that he built across the Demoin river has fallen down and the most of it washed away. In this he lost about seven thousand dollars.

Times are very hard here this spring, though we still live in hope that times will soon be better. We have had a tolerable backward spring but still the farmers are getting along pretty well. They have generally got their wheat and oats in and there will be a great deal of corn planted this week, and in fact some planted last week. Flour is from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per hundred. Corn is from sixty to seventy cents per bu., oats 50 cts. Oxen worth from sixty to eighty dollars per yoke, &c.

Mr. R. W. Clark, an old friend of W. A. Scott's, in an article published in the *Des Moines Capital* of May 24, 1890, gives an account of their journeying and of the sudden and unexpected illness and death of Mr. Scott:

In the early part of April, 1859, W. A. Scott and myself conceived the idea of going to Pike's Peak together. We decided to take a portable saw mill which we purchased of L. S. Harter. We then bought about twenty yoke of oxen, and several wagons and horse teams.

We loaded the wagons with the mill, fixtures and provisions, estimated to last a dozen men twelve months. We also laid in everything we could think of as being needed, and pulled out from Des Moines about the middle of May.

We had thirteen men with us. We reached Ft. Kearney without adventure worthy of note, but at that place Mr. Scott suddenly took seriously ill. Fearing that his illness would prove fatal, one of the party and myself went to the Fort and made the acquaintance of Surgeon Summers and stated to him who we were, requesting him to come and see our friend. This he did, and after an examination of Scott he said that he thought it was not a serious matter; that loose bowels was quite a common grievance with emigrants traveling along the Platte river; and then added that he always visited the sick once when called upon and recommended the citizen physician, Doctor Rankin, who at our request came at once and prescribed for Scott. After that he attended him daily. He said it was nothing very serious.

We gave Scott a large tent to himself, and one of the men—they taking turns at it—waited day and night beside him; but still he grew worse. The day before his death I was so well convinced that he was sinking, I rode to the Fort and insisted upon the surgeon accompanying the doctor to my friend's bedside. He came, and even then said he thought he would get over it. But all was in vain. Scott died at 2:15

the next morning, June 23, 1859, with all of us around him. At sunset of that day we buried him, placing a board with his name upon it at the head of the grave. Our men only were present at the performance of this last duty to our friend W. A. Scott. No one present but had tears to wipe away,—Hank, a young man who had lived with Scott for years, cried like a child.

Scott owned a large part of what is now East Des Moines. He was a benevolent and whole-souled man, and any one promising to build and get his family under his own roof, could get a lot to build upon at almost his own price, or upon his own terms of Scott. His whole aim and object appeared to be to build up East Des Moines. He was largely interested in providing a house for the legislature and in getting them to this place. In so doing he somewhat embarrassed himself, which was mainly his object in going to Pike's Peak. He hoped to make a fortune there and return and further build up Des Moines.²⁶

It was indeed a calamity that so young and vigorous a man should be taken by the hand of death. The *Iowa State Journal* of July 2, 1859,²⁷ printed the following sincere tribute:

DEATH OF W. A. SCOTT

It is with feelings of deep sorrow that we are forced to announce the death of our fellow-townsmen, W. A. Scott, Esq. He died at Fort Kearney, of cholera morbus. He was attended by the surgeon of the Fort. So sudden is the shock to this community, so sincere the grief, so honest the expression of regret at the loss of this worthy citizen and good man, that we must defer a more lengthy notice to some subsequent day. Mr. Scott was on his way to Pike's Peak.

On July 13 the *Iowa Weekly Citizen* also published an account of his death:

W. A. Scott.—We neglected, last week, to announce the death of our townsman, W. A. Scott. Mr. S. was known to nearly every citizen of Polk county, in whose affairs he has played an active part. He had many warm friends and exerted much influence in this community. He was on his way to Pike's Peak, when Death overtook him, and suddenly ended all his plans for active life and the acquisition of wealth. He died at Kearney City, a few miles west of Fort Kearney, after a week's illness. He had the best medical aid the Fort could provide, and careful nursing. He sleeps his last sleep, far from home and the scenes to which he was so much attached. His remains will be brought here for interment. His family have the warm sympathy of the whole community.

²⁶Clipping in scrapbook preserved by Miss Mae Goodrell, Des Moines; also in Capital file in Newspaper Collections, Historical Department.

²⁷*Iowa State Journal and Iowa Weekly Citizen*, 1859, in Newspaper Collections of Iowa State Historical Society, Iowa City.

Capital Lodge No. 106, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member, at its meeting in August, 1859, offered the following resolutions of sympathy and esteem:

DEATH OF W. A. SCOTT—PROCEEDINGS OF CAPITAL LODGE,
NO. 106, I. O. O. F.

On the 23d day of June, 1859, when a short distance west of Fort Kearney, our worthy and esteemed brother W. A. Scott, was seized with a violent illness, and suddenly was taken from among the living.

As his brethren who have known him intimately for years, and were acquainted to a great extent with his characteristics of private virtue, charity and truth, and his spirit of public enterprise, evincing a great heart, and gifted intellect, veiled by a modesty of deportment which intruded not itself unseemingly on any occasion or in any place, we take this occasion to put upon record our estimate of his proverbial excellencies. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the loss of brother Wilson A. Scott, our Lodge feels itself to have sustained a great loss, in common with the entire city of Des Moines, in which our deceased brother was one of the most trustworthy, generous and enterprising.

Resolved, That as a husband he was a model, providing well for his own household, and exemplifying the domestic qualities of faithfulness.

Resolved, That as an Odd Fellow we knew him to be devoted to the cause of Fidelity, covenanted Brotherhood, integrity to every obligation toward brethren, a lively recollection of every obligation, and all crowned with the imperial virtue of truth.

Resolved, That regarding our own loss as great, that of his own family is irreparable.

Resolved, That this Lodge will clothe its Hall in mourning, and that the members shall wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be spread on our minutes in full, and a copy thereof duly forwarded to the widow of our deceased brother.

—*Iowa State Journal*, August 20, 1859.

Capitol Hill, the scene of his greatest labors and greatest successes, was always very dear to Mr. Scott. Standing one day at the summit of the hill, looking across the valley southward and westward, he had expressed a desire to be buried at that place. His friends recollected this wish, and some months after his death had his remains brought back to Des Moines, and on November 1, 1859, they were interred with due honors at the spot he had designated. Invitations to his funeral were printed and sent to his friends.²⁸ The *Iowa State Journal* of November 5 thus fittingly commented on the occasion:

²⁸Original in scrapbook preserved by Miss Mae Goodrell, Des Moines.

BURIED

The remains of W. A. Scott, who died near Fort Kearney some months since, were brought here on Monday last, and on Tuesday they were buried on the point of the hill, east side. It was a fitting place for the burial. From his grave can be seen the town, with its building and its improvements, its scattered outskirts and its central site, and from the grave of him who did as much if not more than others to build up our city, all his public works while here can be seen—an ever enduring monument to the memory of Aleck Scott.

The Odd-Fellows, of which order he was a member, turned out in fair numbers to do honor to the memory of their departed brother.

The *Weekly Citizen* of November 2 had this brief paragraph:

The remains of W. A. Scott were brought to this city on Monday last, from Fort Kearney, and were interred with Masonic honors yesterday. It will be recollected by our readers at a distance, that the deceased, who has been a prominent and enterprising citizen of Des Moines, died on his way to Pike's Peak.

Thus ends the all-too-brief record of the life of one of the most influential of the early citizens of Des Moines. A life probably not altogether free from the faults and failings of the time, but yet an upbuilding influence in the history of his town. Pioneer, farmer, trader, ferryman, traveler, and business man, quick to see and take advantage of possibilities, he crowded into a short life of forty-one years more than most men accomplish in three score years and ten. The beautiful capitol site will ever be a memorial to him. His grave, neglected somewhat in the swiftly passing years, is now marked by a massive granite boulder brought hither on the ice sheet that once invaded our state.²⁹ Upon this soon will be affixed by the Historical Department of Iowa and the Old Settlers Association of Polk County a bronze tablet bearing a suitable inscription, and the multitudes of Iowa citizens who throng our city during each year and visit the capitol grounds will bestow a thought of gratitude on Willson Alexander Scott.

²⁹At different times a movement to mark his grave with a more elaborate monument has been attempted. In the Public Archives Division of the Historical Department is a petition to the General Assembly of 1884, the first session held in the new State House, asking that the state "appropriate a sufficient sum of money to fence and put a suitable monument over the grave of W. A. Scott, the man who so generously donated the square whereon this Capitol stands, and the Governor's Square, as well as the land and greater part of the old capitol to this state." The petition was signed by over seventy early settlers of Polk County, among them being Barlow Granger, P. M. Casady, J. S. Polk, Wesley Redhead, Hoyt Sherman, W. H. McHenry, Thomas Cavanaugh, F. M. Mills, J. Callanan, John M. Davis, and F. M. Hubbell. However, no action was taken.—Editor.

DR. JULIUS A. REED, A STATE BUILDER

BY REV. JAMES L. HILL, D. D.,¹ OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

At the exact time, that wonderful year, when the inner forces of Iowa were being organized, when impulses toward large action were dominant, when the recognition of educative and moral values was widespread, when the call for leaders was emphatic, Rev. Julius A. Reed was besought to come to the territory. This was before our history took shape, before interior Iowa had form, and before the distinctive, well-known Iowa spirit was embodied.

The history of the period during which Dr. Reed was pioneering in Iowa is without a parallel in the annals of time. It is the brightest half century which any nation has enjoyed since the dawn of civilization. He began his career with energy, capacity, and genius in that decade most fraught with invention, during which the reaper, sewing-machine, telegraph, and the vulcanization of rubber were perfected. These notable inventions were all American, and no other people in any equal length of time can point to a record of accomplishment so marvelous and so revolutionizing, industrially and socially.

At the beginning we have two types of character, the pioneers who make the paths, and the early settlers. While about one-half of the arable land in this country still remains virgin soil, no one, east or west, would call the settlers upon it pioneers, except possibly in Alaska. They differ in genius, and atmosphere, and purpose, and method. The pioneer with the spirit of adventure, which has always marked certain vigorous natures of our race, precedes the settler just as the farmer precedes the mechanic, and the mechanic the manufacturer. The earliest characters in Iowa were men of iron nerve, large hearts, and of the

¹Rev. James L. Hill is a son of James J. Hill, one of the famous "Iowa Band" of Congregational missionaries who came from Massachusetts to Iowa Territory in 1843, and is a brother of Dr. Gershom H. Hill of Des Moines. He was born at Garnaville, Iowa, March 14, 1848, was graduated from Grinnell College in 1871, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1875. He was ordained a Congregational minister in 1875, was pastor of North Church, Lynn, Massachusetts, 1875-86, and of Mystic Church, Medford, Massachusetts, 1886-94. Since 1894 he has been engaged in literary work and in lecturing. See "Who's Who in America," Vol. VIII, p. 1112.—Editor.



DR. JULIUS A. REED.

best blood of the nation. It is fortunate for a state that its earliest inhabitants are carefully provided by a process of natural selection. The existing conditions make no appeal to the cowards, the rabble, the masses that look at things on the easy side. Julius A. Reed came into the land of the living as a born leader of men. As we proceed there will be no lack of demonstration of this remarkable trait. He was never content to stay in the ranks. He was an originator, at the head of something, a builder on no other man's foundations all his working days.

He distinguished himself early for the strength, individuality, and general correctness of his opinions. He came from a distinguished family, sturdy and self-respecting, in New England, rich in names that illumine the pages of the nation's history. William Bradford, a passenger in the Mayflower, who succeeded John Carver as governor of Plymouth, April 5, 1621, and was re-elected as long as he lived, except for five years, was his ancestor. Any lover of original annals finds new proof of the great doctrine of Reversion to Type in families as he turns the leaves of Governor Bradford's history of Plymouth, which was not published for 200 years, and then by a historical society, and next thumbs the manuscript pages of Dr. Reed's numerous historical sketches and his pre-historic pen and ink maps of roadless, untraveled Iowa, and his well-kept diaries and voluminous letters.

It's all the rage
To now engage
In many odd researches
For what is told
In records old
In safety vaults and churches.

Dr. Reed was born in South Windsor, Connecticut, January 16, 1809, during Jefferson's presidency, being contemporary with Napoleon for nearly a dozen years, and with Lafayette, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. No missionaries had yet gone from this country to the heathen in Asia, and at his birth no such thing as a theological seminary had appeared on the earth. Pious students studied with eminent ministers who sometimes stood in close relations with the ordinary academies and schools. He was the son of Dr. Elijah Fitch Reed, a noted physician who

practiced medicine until he was past eighty, and of Hannah MacLane Reed, notable for ability, sympathy, and high class womanly qualities. The son Julius had a mind remarkable for concentration, a power of focusing itself upon the question of the moment. He was not combative, not contentious. The elements of mental strength and of self-respect, inherited by him, were peculiar traits, so that, while sociable, affable, and obliging, he was never unduly familiar, having nothing in his manner or method that suggested any unbending to secure favor, but rather having about him the peculiar atmosphere of personal dignity.

He had, too, the power of growth. Until the end of his career, or very nearly to the end, he was assimilating new material and enlarging his mind. Here we come to the first difference between him and many others, between the strong man and the weak one, that the strong grows long and well, while the weak grows for a short space, but does not continue to flourish, in thought and spirit, to the end. This distinction is pointed out among farmers when applied to their stock. That of low grade will, for a time, grow rapidly, excite some expectation, give some promise. Later the difference is obvious. *Blood will tell.*

In personal appearance, like Webster, Dr. Reed was dark faced. His hair was brown and he seems to have had no falling out. He had blue eyes, a slight, fragile, wiry figure, and, though delicate, he was not often sick. His industry and earnestness sprang from his own feelings that what he did must be done then, for he frequently said that he lacked the expectation of any particular extension of life. Some such consciousness as this may have sobered him a little, and disinclined him to what is flippant, or frivolous. As I write of him, I know he would admonish me, "If you speak of me at all, in the language of sacred song, speak of me

'Just as I am,'"

and so my dominant note is not praise. It is rather thanksgiving. He started his career in the world's activities as did so many of our American leaders, like Blaine, and Seward, and Webster, and Garfield, and Thad Stevens, and Lyman Trumbull, and Lewis Cass, and Asa Turner. But putting his foot on this first rung of the ladder that has raised thousands to eminence, it

was discovered by all those that observed him and saw his mental machinery in action that it was an engine of unusual power and precision.

He was known to possess a different ambition and taste from that of his brother, Dr. M. MacLean Reed, who practiced medicine in Jacksonville, Illinois, for forty-seven years, and so when brought face to face with the hardest realities of life, having from Pilgrim ancestry the spirit of adventure, he gave a life-long devotion to the religious and educational beginnings in the remote West. After two years at Trinity College, Hartford, after graduation at Yale, class of 1829, at the age of twenty, after a year as tutor in the family of Hon. William Jay, Bedford, New York, 1830-31, and a year in the Ellington, Connecticut, High School, a private school, he became for two years a private tutor at Natchez, Mississippi, taking such a position as the great American orator, S. S. Prentice, had there laid down to be admitted to the bar. This was one of life's events where God disposed. Iowa's Mississippi River towns from Keokuk northward and parts of its southern counties are reminiscent of the old South. The prominent place given to the county as a unit is not one of New England's ways. It savors more of the South. Many intelligent business men in Massachusetts in directing an envelope to Cambridge, or Springfield, or Fall River, or New Bedford would have to consult a map to find out in what particular county it happens to be. Early Iowa was developed first at the south, the first court being held at Burlington in 1835, and the capital was located there in 1838, and in that year the first territorial legislature convened there. Dr. Reed was to begin his career in Iowa, in the second tier of counties from the south. He had the northern training. He needed the southern to make him a cosmopolitan, as he was advancing to responsibilities extending to both limits of the state. He early acted as if in his subconsciousness he had an inkling of his future usefulness. He seemed to feel the pressure of destiny. With such a heritage the past appealed to him and the future beckoned him. There is no one environment in the world that could have produced just his character. He became typically American. He looked down on no one, and never assumed that he could be looked down upon. He left Natchez, Mississippi, and visited

Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1833, the year Chicago was incorporated as a town, the public meeting being held August 5, when twelve votes were cast for the important measure, and one against it, the number of voters in Chicago then being twenty-nine, and that year's taxes \$48.90. On account of the prevalence of cholera throughout the country, he made his journey on horseback to Connecticut to complete his theological course at New Haven.

Among his priceless historical papers we find the concise, unique, picturesque narrative of the trip. Our great teachers point out the fact that to develop character a man ought to be more alone. In Dr. Reed's case this condition was met, as he proceeded by short stages, as they seem to us in this day of rapid transit, to cover, in six weeks, as the aggregate of his figures show, 1079 miles.

September 19th, 1833 at Springfield, repair of saddle, 12½c. September 20th, dined at Howell's, edge of grand prairie, 14 miles, bill 12½c. September 21st, after a ride of 21 miles, dined at Thomas' Timber, of Salt Creek, bill 18¾c, rode 20 miles to Butler's Point to lodge, bill 25c. September 25th, at Indianapolis, I here find my horse has the sore tongue, paid 6¼c for alum. October 3rd, Rode 11 miles to Fairfield, bill 37½c, saddle 6¼c. October 8th, Rode 14 miles to breakfast, 31¼c, 18 miles to Putnam to Crane's Temperance Hotel, bill 62½c. October 18th, Tailoring and barbering 12½c. October 19th, Harrisburg Gates [toll gates] 18¾c. * * * October 30th, rode 6 miles to Sims-bury, East Windsor, 12 miles; ferry 8c.

As he gives the extremely low value of horses and cattle on the prairies of the West, we hazard the guess that he sold his horse that had carried him over 1000 miles for enough more than he paid for him to meet all the expenses of the trip.

Having completed his theological course at Yale, and having joined the Illinois Band, he was licensed to preach in August, 1835, and commissioned at New York to go to the West. The usual phrase among the ancient Jews for an excellent woman was one who deserves to marry a priest. Such an elect lady was Miss Caroline Blood, who, at Jacksonville, Illinois, was married to Dr. Reed December 2, 1835. Her mother was a Whiting, in direct line of descent from Samuel Whiting, early pastor in Lynn in a church that Dr. Parsons Cooke, in his "Centuries" attempts to show is the oldest Congregational church in the land that stands on its original ground. The wife of Mr. Whiting was a sister of Oliver St. John, the chief justice of Eng-

land, a person of incomparable breeding, virtue, and piety, and own cousin to Oliver Cromwell. She was descended from William the Conqueror, and from Henry I of France. In her were united the lineage of ten of the sovereigns of Europe, a confluence of noble blood not often witnessed, coming in two distinct lines to William the Norman. We know of no other long time resident in Iowa whose heritage is so royal. The entire nation has received benefits from the Whiting family, with its name spelled in ten different ways. Descendants are conspicuous in theological, scientific, and literary callings, and in useful honorable position. The very experience that induced the Whitings to come to this country arose from their advanced views of human rights, and of political liberty. We gain insight here as to the quality of the stock used at length in founding Iowa. That which, in motive and spirit, brought Mrs. Reed's ancestors west from England brought her west from New England. On graduating from the seminary at Ipswich, Massachusetts, she organized, taught, and directed the first infant school in Boston, where she became a member of Lowell Mason's choir. No monument can adequately distinguish her grave when it is known that she was the originator of the idea that lies back of the infant classes in the Sunday schools of the world.

Henry J. Howland is probably honored as the founder of infant classes, but we are tracing the idea, and he himself says, "I was at that time a printer's apprentice in Boston and, becoming interested in the infant school managed by Miss Blood in Bedford Street, after spending half a day there, the idea occurred to me that the use of Bible pictures, with oral explanations and questioning, interspersed with frequent singing of hymns, would be a good way to interest and benefit quite a number of small children who attended the Sabbath school I was connected with. I there borrowed from Miss Blood some of her Bible picture illustrations and exhibited them, with explanation of my plans for their use, at a teachers' meeting. My plan was approved, and I was appointed at once to take those children and commence an infant class. This was in the latter part of 1829." In an earlier account he says that he obtained leave of absence from his employer for half a day and visited the school on Bedford Street, Boston, taught by a Miss Blood, and

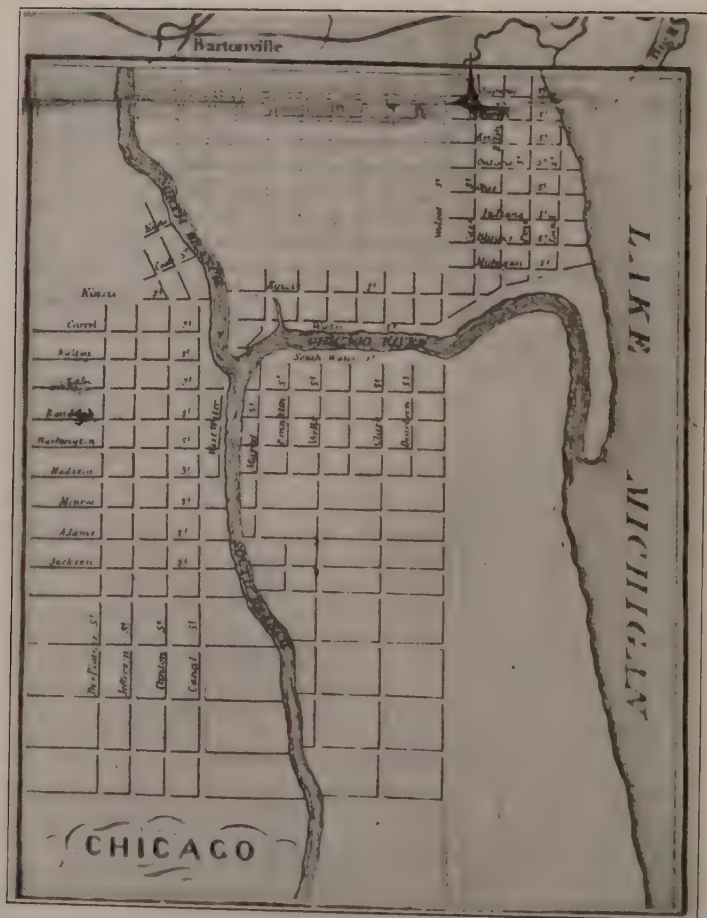
saw and heard enough "to satisfy me that the religious part of the exercises there, scripture and other lessons, illustrated by pictures, marching, singing hymns, etc.—could be usefully adapted for a number of small children who frequented the Sabbath school. So I bought a few of the pictures such as Miss Blood used." Thus the mental product of Miss Blood, who for two score years lived in Iowa, and was at length buried there, has met itself going both ways around the world. Belonging to a family bearing unmistakably the stamp of America's nobility, with large mental endowment, and generous education, she was by nature and training hospitable, progressive, capable of enjoying the best in literature, and of becoming the companion of an age maker in Iowa. Imbibing the western enthusiasm of her friend, Edward Beecher, then settled in Boston, she went with her brother Charles to Jacksonville, Illinois, but she never came back as Miss Caroline Blood. Carthage, Commerce, Warsaw, and Nauvoo, Illinois, became the first pastorate, or circuit, of the home missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Julius A. Reed. He used to say, with his dry wit, that Joseph Smith, the Mormon elder, at the head of a colony at Nauvoo, was his spiritual successor. It was a place of great beauty, as it commands a wide sweep of the Mississippi, almost semi-circular in its curvature. The pastor's home in Warsaw for a time was in a portion of old Fort Edwards, where the Dutch oven and reflector were in time replaced by a stove.

At Quincy, Illinois, the church in which Dr. Reed was ordained was known as God's Barn. The pastor was Rev. Asa Turner. On account of the health of Mrs. Reed a temporary return was made to New England, but Dr. Reed, inoculated with the western microbe, seeks early to return to the prairies; and Asa Turner, who is to do his life work and to found the first Congregational church in Iowa and the oldest literary institution in Iowa, transferring his labors from Quincy, Illinois, to Denmark, Iowa, originally called the Yankee Haystack, which became later the clean, beautiful New England village of Denmark, was imploring Dr. Reed to adopt Fairfield, Iowa, as his field of labor.

The condition of things that he met as he returned through Illinois would have staggered a less resolute man. Prices of

real estate that had bounded upward like a kite in a gale of wind had collapsed and ruin was staring people in the face. With roads to build, schools to maintain, the salaries of public officers to pay, the entire income of Chicago in 1840 was \$4722. The work on the Illinois and Michigan Canal is all that kept the place from sinking back into original nothingness. The next year its solitary bank, the only institution of its kind in the state, suspended and for the next ten years there was not a bank of any kind in the length and breadth of Illinois. The Chicago of that day contrasts well with itself, having now at its heart the most congested business district in the world, 260 sky-scrapers, a single store with 55 acres of floor space, giving employment to 15,000 persons. A detail of this kind shows the primitiveness of conditions when Dr. Reed commenced his great life work in Iowa, where there were only four country newspapers in the entire state, when it took from three to five days to go to Chicago, and thirteen to New York. At Fairfield, in 1840, cows sold for \$8.00, corn 10c a bushel, and dressed pork 1½c a pound, and all in trade. Contrast this with a sale just made by H. B. McKee of Webster City, who sold 61 porkers, averaging 300 pounds, for \$2799.90, or \$15.30 per hundred. The world's larder is empty. To-day the productive value of an acre of land is twice as great as it has been before. Dr. Reed tells of an immigrant who bought a squatter's claim "sufficient for four farms, with a good deal to spare, with a small field fenced and a log cabin, for \$200." The number of people then living in the United States, 17,000,000, was less than five times as many as can now be found in one of our cities.

To many of us, Fairfield, which Dr. Reed made historic ground, which had in it the second Congregational church in the state, has become a shrine. The early annals of education and religion in Iowa cannot be written and leave it out. If we seem to indulge pride in our early settlers, it must still be said that they deserve our admiration. Midway of his early pastorate in Iowa, he preached at Denmark the ordination sermon of six members of the Iowa Band newly come from Andover, and the scene presents a beautiful picture, the colors of which are fresh and glowing to this hour. I have known much of the fruits of this incident in which Dr. Reed was a central figure, and I have always



CHICAGO IN 1836
(From Squire's Map of Illinois.)

been ready to bow down in the Denmark Church and worship as in the vestibule of the Heavenly Temple.

As these pioneers in Iowa aimed at creating influences and guiding public opinion, the want of a college was a quick suggestion. Hence, sometime previous to October, 1842, Rev. Asa Turner said to Dr. Reed, "We ought to take steps to found a college," and so at the meeting of the association, October 6, 1842, a committee was appointed, which at the same meeting reported that a discussion of the subject was inexpedient and recommended that a committee be appointed to correspond and take other measures which may be necessary. "Before any important step had been taken," Dr. Reed says, "the Iowa Band arrived, who included a college among the objects for which they intended to labor in Iowa, and thence forward we all worked together in this enterprise." Dr. Reed was a star of the first magnitude in that galaxy of influence, integrity, power, and learning that shone with unsurpassed brilliancy in the last half dozen years of Iowa's history as a territory. He was "the idealist without illusions." He was one of the master minds of the state. He was one of the instruments in organizing sixty churches. His control of ecclesiastical affairs in one denomination, when church after church was being projected into being, was marked by great strength, by a regard for those who were putting up the benevolences, and by a very high order of administrative ability. He was always on educational and religious guard and picket duty. He was always ready to hail every interloper, "Who goes there?" Personal considerations never could make him retreat from the position once thoughtfully taken, or surrender a judgment once deliberately formed. Dr. Reed's diary amounts to a "Who's Who" in early Iowa. He followed Patrick Henry's maxim, "Study men." In a certain sense we know a man by his friends. These acquaintances were mutually helpful. They made each other. A man chooses his friends from harmony, not from sameness. Among his associates were Seth Richards, also Edward Manning, a grand character, a millionaire who had a chain of stores on the Des Moines River, and who had the wit to be present in Burlington at the first sale of land. It was in his power to give first aid to the causes Dr. Reed was seeking to foster, who in turn saw that he was appointed to

positions that gave him recognition and opportunity. We often hear a person complain of having a poor memory, but we never hear a person complain of having a poor judgment. The opinionated man thinks his judgment is good, but it is the universal testimony that at the point of sound judgment Dr. Reed was unfailing. He could forecast a situation, and this insight in a new country was invaluable, for anyone who does not look before finds himself behind. In him the upward push of the pioneer spirit attains its highest point. For it is a true instinct which regards the heralds of civilization in Iowa, not so much as distinguished individuals, as supreme expressions of western genius.

When the best was being fixed, if ten men had been taken out of the state, it would have been different down to the point of affecting its desirability as a place of residence which, in turn, affects the value of its real estate. Let us take ten men at random, Allison, Dolliver, George G. Wright, probably the best known and the most popular man of his time in the state, James Harlan, Hiram Price, who began his career with a capital of \$100, who was usually called King Hiram, so designated for his energy, mental power, domination of situations, prominence in the state possessed by no other citizen in his early days, John F. Dillon, whose conversation had the weight of a court decision, James W. Grimes, Kirkwood, Kasson, and Grenville M. Dodge. It is obvious that Allison put the finishing touches on more national legislation than any man who ever lived in this country or any other. Dolliver was the greatest orator of his time and the greatest campaigner that the nation has produced. The common people heard him gladly. He was the idol of the masses. These men, honored by the state, themselves honored the nation. Iowa has been unusually fortunate in her representatives, but the conspicuous men in the goodly company have contributed to the service and honor and glory of the whole country. Kasson and Dodge were age makers, and served the nation as much as the state. Therefore, in accounting for the growth of sentiment and conviction locally, we must find the men who more directly and immediately, coming close to the people week by week in the schoolhouses and sanctuaries, shaped the minds of the state. The men that touch and mingle with the people leave their impressions deep down in the mind, as clear and undoubted as footprints

on the old red sandstone. Hail to the men who have laid foundations. Dr. Storrs, the Brooklyn orator, held and taught that the home missionary churches of the middle west saved the Union, and the ideas showing the most vitality and power in the Mississippi Valley were the product of missionary impulse. Such a stream of tendency forms a strong, irresistible public opinion. On this line of development, in an enumeration of ten men that most influenced early Iowa, Julius A. Reed would certainly stand.

In this strata-like formation of our early society the primary element, being established, cannot be displaced except by forces of greater weight and influence, which under normal conditions did not exist. Hence nowhere else is the pure American spirit better found, with its well-defined peculiarities than in Iowa. Its history centers around personalities. We can study its annals better in biography than in statistics. The program of the most influential and dominant pioneers in Iowa certainly recognized the commanding place of religion in life. These men were the fathers of Iowa. They were civilization builders. We are proud of our traditions. Nowhere are great leaders so much needed as in an unformed community. No other state has ever had so many unselfish, intelligent, creative leaders of rare mould as Iowa. Dr. Reed had been in the state five years when a map of Iowa was published with notes, which said "In Iowa the endearing spot of home is not yet matured. The peaceful Sabbath bell is not heard." But things were progressing. Now is seen the "flat-boat bearing away the produce of the white man's labor. Plenty of good land in Clayton and Buchanan counties can be bought at the government price at \$1.25 an acre. The present boundaries of Iowa extend from the northern limits of Missouri to the dividing line between the United States and the British possessions." In October, 1845, Dr. Reed, having been made superintendent by the American Home Missionary Society while Iowa was still a territory, with his family removed to Davenport, which, with wondrous location on her many hills, the wide stretch of water at her feet, the rapids, the pretty island, the villages, excels in beauty all other communities in the state. From some of her high positions the grandeur and loveliness that come within the range of the eye can hardly be exceeded anywhere, as it includes the imposing contour of the majestic Mississippi,

It will be seen that Dr. Reed's life in Iowa falls into four marked divisions, and each has its significance and honors his memory. First came his pastorate, in which the foundation stones of all that followed were laid on a firm base. Then there is added a longer chapter, his great home missionary career, causing him first and last to be widely known and greatly influential. Another record of his strength, and of his public acts and services, exists today in the college at Grinnell, of which he was a cofounder, and for nearly twenty years a trustee. A fourth contribution was made by him as an accurate, painstaking, conscientious, historical writer. No man seemed more wise when he had a pen in his hand. The only criticism ever made upon him is that he did not do more, so acceptable is his work.

The first upright melodeon to cross the Mississippi was for Dr. Reed's elder daughter, Anna. The legs of the instrument could be folded. It could thus be taken in a buggy to church or Sunday school, or social gathering. Years later it was put in perfect order and sent to Constantinople to assist, when taken to the villages, in weddings and funerals and services. Henry W. Wilkinson, of Providence, a prosperous young business man, showed his usual discrimination in coming to Iowa for her and taking her as a bride to his home in Providence, Rhode Island. She was married at Grinnell, Iowa, December 16, 1861, where she had in the college substituted for Mrs. L. F. Parker, teacher and lady principal, so that Mrs. Wilkinson at the time of her death, October 5, 1916, was ranking member of the teaching force of the college. Her lineage on both sides, as we have seen, was incomparable and she had the qualities that go with the blood.

No one could meet her even casually without distinctly seeing that she was highly bred. There was a touch of something aristocratic in her delicate culture and taste, but in her deep, human sympathies, especially with missions, with the suffering, with the victims of wrong and justice, she was noticeably democratic. Mrs. Wilkinson was a shining link between the primitive past and the luxurious, affluent present, as both of the daughters of Dr. Reed were born in log cabins. These traits in her natural character gave it its principal loveliness and worth, and were the foundation for all those attainments by which she was so marked, and which were so universally acknowledged. She is survived

by two sons, Henry L. Wilkinson and Alfred Hall Wilkinson; a daughter, Mrs. Edward Harris Rathbun, of Woonsocket, and four grandchildren. But the Reeds have an illustrious connection with the college. I have named an early teacher. I point next to the earliest lady pupil. Adam gained great distinction by having been first. So with Columbus. Coeducation was introduced into the college in 1857. The institution was moved to Grinnell in 1859. Mary, Dr. Reed's younger daughter, who married Hon. S. F. Smith, son of the author of "America," and who with her daughter Anna lives to-day in the much pictured house in Newton Center, in which the immortal poet lived and loved and labored, was a student in the college that was later moved to Grinnell. About one hundred was the average attendance upon the college, when at Davenport, in all departments, and when the coeducation plan was begun twenty young ladies, fourteen of whom were still living in 1898, when the college, having removed to Grinnell, celebrated its golden anniversary. Many of these young ladies became social leaders, like Mrs. Smith in Davenport who, with her well-known intelligence and tact and grace, presided in the mayor's mansion. Others reached distinction in Scott County. One became a noted novelist in the South. Others were remarkably gifted and useful in club and church work.

Lovely and pleasant in their lives, Dr. and Mrs. Reed in death were not divided. Mrs. Reed, born in Concord, Massachusetts, outlived her husband but a month. Dr. Reed died August 27, 1890, and his body rests in an honored grave in Davenport, a place pre-eminent to him for its beauty, its traditions, being historic ground for his denomination, being conspicuous early in church and college development. The memorial window in the Congregational Church there strikes all admirers as very fitting. Dr. Reed's portrait at the college in Grinnell, unveiled with an address by Dr. William Salter, of Burlington, a gem in itself, is deservedly well hung. Dr. Reed, who was in Illinois as early as 1832, and first saw Iowa in 1833, preached his first sermon in the territory of Iowa the first Sunday in January, 1837, when Iowa was attached to Wisconsin and subject to Michigan in judicial matters, it being the first sermon ever preached in Keokuk. He saw an Indian hunting squirrels, who missed his fire, and

another Indian burst into laughter and derision. The comforts and conveniences of life were all in the future. A fine hotel was the one they were going to have, and that same year Mrs. Jessie Armil, with her seven sons, was seeking Davenport, the sight of which cost \$2,000, and on leaving the boat inquired of Mr. Antoine LeClaire, who had come on horseback to welcome the immigrants, how far it was to town, and he replied, "My good woman, this is the town." Family considerations requiring Dr. Reed to withdraw from his public missionary work in 1869, he resided for ten years at Columbus, Nebraska. The evening of his days were passed in the delightful home of his daughter, Mrs. S. F. Smith, in Davenport, to whom he was much attached. His life chiefly in Iowa, 1840-1890, was a half century, incomparable, eventful, glorious, first of prophecy, then of history. What visions he saw, and what dreams he realized! What a gantlet for him to run of accidents, epidemics, ailments, surprises, pageants. His public record is a unity in itself, also an inspiration. He represented high ideals, the best traditions, the patriotic and religious spirit that makes an impress and gives an impetus that have led the way to a development, amazing, almost incredible, in the soundest, most stable, most fruitful, most wholesome commonwealth in the Union.

Great Western Land, whose touch makes free,
Advance to perfect liberty,
Till right shall make thy sov'reign might,
And every wrong be crushed from sight.
Behold thy day, thy time is here;
Thy people great, with naught to fear.
God hold thee in His strong right hand,
My well beloved Western Land.

Salem, Massachusetts.

A PIONEER STORY¹

BY MRS. P. V. VAN ARSDALE

I have been so much interested in some of the stories I have read describing the life of the early settlers and, as I have heard much of the early history of some of my own people, I have concluded to write what I can remember for the perusal of my children and anyone else into whose hands it may fall.

As I have not been well posted as to accurate dates I will have to say about the year 1829, or as the fairy stories begin, "a long time ago," there lived in New York State a family, descendants of the Hollanders, by the name of Van Dorn. As the portion of the state where they lived was quite thickly settled and land was high, prospects looked brighter in some of the newer states. So the father, Isaac Van Dorn, concluded to move his family of wife and seven children to Ohio where he secured a primitive home. The children of this family are the ones of whom I wish to write, but there is little more to say of the family as a whole.

Not long after settling in Ohio the mother died, leaving the seven motherless children in a strange land among unknown people. The oldest, Peter, was about eighteen, almost a man. According to the custom of those days he was apprenticed to a trade for two years receiving only board and rough clothing, and had not a minute he could call his own but must work early and late until two years were passed, then he would be a carpenter and receive one-half his wages and the other half would be paid his father until he was twenty-one. The next younger was a girl, Harriet, who stayed at home helping with the work out of doors and in the house. The third was Sarah, aged thirteen, who went out to service, which meant working early and late, doing washing, milking, and all other kinds of hard work and receiving from 50 cents to \$1.00 per week. The next younger

¹This remarkable story of pioneer times by the late Mrs. Van Arsdale, of Chariton, Iowa, was written in 1918 for her children, of whom Mrs. C. A. Post, of 4303 Kingman Boulevard, Des Moines, is one. They kindly turned it over to the Historical Department. It gives a glimpse of conditions in the Middle West and in the Far West of a time almost beyond the memory of any now living. Mrs. Van Arsdale died at her home at Chariton, June 18, 1921.—Editor.



MRS. P. V. VAN ARSDALE

were two girls, aged about nine and eleven, named Mary and Dorcas. They attended a very common school, walking a distance of nearly six miles a day to do so, but as the older ones had never had as good an opportunity they considered themselves fortunate and already had glowing hopes of some time becoming teachers. The youngest two were boys of seven and five, named George and John.

For a time after the mother's death they tried to keep on as they were, but crops failed and the father became discouraged and finally bound out the youngest four children. The two young girls seemed for a time to be doing well, but George, the seven-year-old boy, was with two maiden ladies of uncertain age who though well enough off were very grasping, and thought all a boy was for was to work hard and take all the scolding their hardened natures could heap upon him; but really a girl was treated about the same for they had a niece living with them who fared but little better. Another thing deep set in these old ladies' minds was that young people should not eat much, so poor little George was seldom satisfied unless Lizzie, acting on the motto, "God helps those who help themselves," helped herself on the sly and frequently gave little George a hand-out.

The youngest did not thrive under the treatment of his foster parents either, but for a couple of years had to stay and bear what fell to his lot. But about this time Peter finished his apprenticeship and to celebrate the happy occasion went to visit his sister Sarah who had gone out to work in a tavern. As she was a very capable cook and housekeeper she had secured a very good place. The work was heavy, with time stolen off each end of the night for extra work, but she was to have the sum of fifty cents per week, and was to go to school four days a week and have the privilege of going to church or Sunday school on the Sabbath. On Monday she stayed from school to do the heavy washing, while Saturday was the cleaning and baking day. I have heard her tell of the midweek bread and pie baking which she accomplished by working late at night and having all ready for the big brick oven when she would get up at an early hour in the morning.

When Peter visited her she went walking with him instead of going to church and they talked of the younger brothers and

sisters, and he planned to call on them and find out how they were getting along, as the father was married again and would perhaps be forgetful of them. His calls revealed the troubles of little George and also how poorly baby John, now five years old, was cared for, so at his earliest opportunity he again consulted Sarah and they decided to start housekeeping and take care of these boys, as they could easily take them from the people by proving how they had been treated. But before their plan had matured little George had run away from his place and found his way to his brother Peter, a distance of twenty miles, through rough, unbroken country, keeping away from public roads lest he be discovered and taken back. He was so terrorized that he had a serious sick spell after finding his brother.

The small, poorly furnished home was soon started and Peter and Sarah worked to care for their two young brothers, though they always said George helped with the home as much as they. Peter was away early and late and George, now nine years old, did the chores or worked in the garden, and occasionally picked up a little cash by working for neighbors.

John grew strong very rapidly and as he developed a taste for books and study they planned to give him the best education they could, and they really gave him a good start. By perseverance he acquired what learning he could in the poor schools of the country and when quite a young man studied law.

All this time Peter and Sarah were living lives of deprivation and hard work, but happy in the thought that they were performing a sacred duty to the best of their ability. The three sisters had been growing, and Harriet, the oldest, was soon to marry a nice young man with whom she had become acquainted in one of the homes where she sewed, as that was the way she supported herself. They were not possessed of lands or moneys, so made their plans accordingly, and after going to the humble home of Peter and Sarah where the marriage ceremony was performed, they climbed into a prairie schooner drawn by a yoke of oxen and taking Dorcas, one of the younger sisters, with them, started for Illinois where they could settle on government land. They were very young, but inured to hardship, and looked for nothing better than a few acres they could call their own. For some time they lived principally on wild game while the sale of

the skins furnished a little money with which to buy a few necessary articles. They entered a tract of land and began to break and cultivate it. At first they had only a few acres, but in that productive soil it responded abundantly. A garden helped to furnish the table.

All these long months since the brothers and sisters parted in Ohio not a word had they heard from each other. Now the little settlement about ten miles from their home had begun to put on the air of a town, had a post office and some stores, and had been named Lewiston. Thither Frank and Harriet went in their prairie schooner drawn by the faithful ox team that had brought them to Illinois and done the work on the farm. While there they started a letter back to the dear ones in Ohio telling where they were located and how they were prospering, but the letter never reached its destination. Mails were then carried by men on horseback through rough, unsettled country and many a poor mail carrier was drowned in a stream when trying to ford it, or killed by Indians, or devoured by wild beasts.

At any rate when they made another trip three months later they found no answer, but with true pioneer perseverance they started another. In those days stamps were not put on letters, but when one went to the post office and found a letter, or was notified that there was a letter awaiting him, he paid thirty-five cents to get it. They waited another two months, again made the long trip over the hazardous trail to the post office and were then rewarded by receiving the longed-for letter from home.

Peter was married and Sarah was soon to be, and Sarah and husband were planning to come to Illinois and no doubt would settle near them and would bring with them Mary, who had been sick, and so lost the home in which she had worked and shared the small pittance the times allowed, since her father bound her out. She was now thirteen. George was now knocking around from place to place taking care of himself. Peter would keep the youngest boy.

We have no knowledge of any more communications till Harriet and family, now numbering four, since the birth of a little daughter which they called Mary, were happily surprised by the arrival of Sarah and husband and sister Mary. And, strange to say, both Harriet and Sarah had married men named Wilcox,

very distantly related. Time passed. The young couples worked hard on the farms, and the two younger sisters worked out for the scattered neighbors, as was a common custom among early settlers. Mary learned tailoring and so made good wages for those days. Dorcas married the son of a Mr. Leslie. The elder Mr. Leslie died soon after, leaving his mill in Bernadotte to the son. The burg never grew much, though well situated on Spoon River. Luther Leslie did well in the mill as it was patronized by all the farmers for miles around. As lumber was in demand Mr. Leslie also started a sawmill.

I cannot describe all of the ups and downs that life at this time served these four sisters, but they had the comfort of knowing they were doing as well as any in their vicinity, and they were situated so as to be company for each other. But things did not remain in this happy state long, for Sarah's husband early developed a tendency to consumption and the hard work and exposure hastened the disease; so after about eight or nine years of married life Sarah was left a widow with one child, Adda Wilcox. She was thus left without help, and wrote to her brother George to come and live with her. He came and in that way she was able to hold her fine acres which in after years made a lovely home.

George tilled the land and raised stock for a few years, then Sarah married again, this time to Mr. Francis Overton who had been teacher of the district school in Bernadotte for a term of years. In the meantime Mary had married a man by the name of McIntosh who lived but a short time. I think he was drowned while loosening a jam of logs in the river near the sawmill. And now as Sarah had a husband to run her farm, George went to live with Mary and work for his brother-in-law, Luther Leslie, in the mill.

Now, though there had been sorrow of parting and death and hard work and hardships common to pioneer life, there were many happy days and jolly incidents. The following incident has caused many a laugh as I remember it told by my father, George Van Dorn, and his sister Sarah, when they were both advanced in life. During butchering time Mr. Overton and Sarah needed help, so George hooked up the oxen and with Mary went to their aid. Arriving there George turned the team loose

to go and get water while he strolled into the cabin a few minutes. When he came out to put the team in the shed to feed he found they had upset a large kettle of soft soap which Sarah had boiled and left to cool preparatory to putting in a barrel, and he began to scream "Oh! Sarah, your soap will kill my oxen," and she, running out, exclaimed imperatively, as she viewed the wreck, "Why! George, your oxen have spilled all my soap." Each thought only of his own misfortune. But the cattle did not die, as they had not swallowed any of the stuff, only lost some hair where it had slopped on them, and much of the soap was saved, so both Sarah and George were happy that it was no worse.

But back to my narrative. Now Mrs. McIntosh, or Mary, and George were living comfortably and happily, both working and saving and planning for a farm home to be owned and conducted in partnership. After some time they arranged that George go to Iowa where Harriet had already gone to live at Fort Des Moines where her husband was employed in a government store. If George liked the country he was to pick out a claim and go back for Mary and what movable possessions they had. Accordingly he started out on horseback about the first of September, with saddlebags well filled with provisions, and with an Indian blanket for use on rainy days and chilly nights.

After nearly three weeks' travel through an almost uninhabited wilderness he reached Fort Des Moines. He visited Harriet and family and looked the country over, but not until he started back did he decide on a place some forty miles from there. Then he hastened home before the heavy fall rains set in, which would make travel hard and the streams too high to ford. Near the first of November he neared his cabin home, his mind filled with plans for the future prairie home and a pleasant trip thither in the spring time with his sister in the ox wagon containing their household possessions. But the cabin seemed rearranged and strangely cold, as if deserted. He repaired to the nearest neighbor, a half mile distant, and there learned the sad fact that soon after he had left Mary had been stricken with western fever and only survived a few days. So he was left sorrowing and discouraged. After a few lonely days with the other sisters he loaded what he needed of the household articles into his wagon,

yoked the two teams of oxen to it, and started back to Iowa to be ready for early spring farming. After bidding farewell to the families of Sarah and Dorcas he started west over the long, lonely trail, his oxen, horse, and dog his only companions. For days he would not see a human being, and then more likely a wigwam or tepee where dwelt Indians, then a cabin inhabited by pioneers. When possible he kept at a distance from Indian camps, but if they could not be avoided he would have something to offer their chief as a gift and thus make friends with them. He had been wise enough to lay in a store of pipes, tobacco, bright blankets, red handkerchiefs, beads, etc., and could easily trade such things for dried beef (jerk, they called it) and other provisions. Several times he was forced to camp near a settlement, rest the teams, and secure a supply of grain for them. In February he reached Fort Des Moines where he stayed till time to think of spring work, then moved on forty miles to his little cabin with an immense fireplace, which was to be his lonely home.

Spring was so filled with work that there was no thought of neighbors, but as summer advanced George began to wonder what manner of people there might be living about three miles from him, and one day he rode over to see. Near the cabin were women, one small, delicate, tidy-looking, past middle age, was standing in her garden in which grew a few flowers as well as vegetables; the other a young girl, comely, with dark hair and eyes, was hanging clothes on the line. He inquired for the man of the house and, finding he was away, informed the ladies he would call again as he was their neighbor. He gave his name, learned theirs was Mesinger, and went his way. But the face of the girl haunted him. She did not look in good health and he thought she resembled his beloved sister Mary, and he wondered if the sadness in the dark eyes was caused by ill health or loneliness.

Before he had nerved himself to make another call, which was necessary as he wanted to get acquainted with Mr. Mesinger that they might plan the harvest work together, a great prairie fire broke out. Mrs. Mesinger saw when a long way off that it was coming right towards their place. She immediately put her young son Samuel on the riding horse (all early settlers kept one horse which was used only for riding) and told him

to ride fast to their young neighbor for assistance. She and daughter Almeda began to back-fire, that is burn a small streak around the buildings, whipping the fire out next to the buildings till a strip was wide enough that the approaching avalanche of flame could find no food for its fury.

The boy made good time, returned with George, and by the time Mr. Mesinger was back the buildings and stock were saved and those who fought fire together were good friends. As there was a small stream intervening George's place was not endangered. Now that the neighbor's fields were laid waste, George told Mr. Mesinger to come and help him care for his crops and there would be enough for both. As the summer advanced they became intimate friends. As George was a good cook and house-keeper as well as farmer, they ate their meals at whichever house they chanced to be working at meal time.

A cow at each place furnished her part, the two gardens were a great source of supply, a few chickens and wild game contributed to the variety, and with the addition of some wild fruit they had appetizing meals for hard working, hungry people, even though the bread was of unbolted flour ground in hand mills at home. Fine flour was only available when some one made the forty-mile trip to the Fort with ox team and wagon.

By fall George and Almeda were planning to get married, and as both were living quite a lonely life the parents made no objection, as George, being eight years her senior, was old enough to care for her, as well as being capable of doing so.

But think of a wedding in that country—no stores, no preachers, not even a justice of the peace within forty miles. But love and youth can bridge most difficulties. George was ready and willing to make the trip to the Fort to buy articles necessary for the occasion, but it was hardly the proper thing for Almeda to go the lonely trip alone with George, and she was hardly able to do so. So it was decided that her mother should go with George and take Sammy along for company, as the boy was anxious to see something of the world. But as Mr. Mesinger was taken quite sick it came about that only George and Sammy were to go. The bridegroom was provided with money to buy goods for a suitable trousseau for the bride and some extras for the wedding feast—a memorandum of extra length, yet I never

heard that any fault was found with the things he brought back. On the contrary, I have often heard that the shoes fitted, the shawl was nice and warm, and the bonnet was comfortable and becoming and went nicely with the goods which Almeda took to a woman who had been a dressmaker in some eastern state, and who now lived about five miles from the Mesingers. While the woman sewed Almeda helped with the housework, taking the completed dress home after a few days. And Almeda enjoyed the visit so much that she was lots better for it. It was about her first visit except with her married half-brothers and sisters, who never took any extra trouble to make it pleasant for her, as she was only a young girl and they had their own.

As the time for the nuptials neared great preparation was made. The cabin was made as clean and tidy as a scrupulously neat housekeeper could make it and plenty of good things prepared for the wedding feast. I never heard all the menu but know wild turkey formed a part of it. All with whom they were acquainted were invited, and the married children.

I must tell of them right here. Mrs. Mesinger had been married twice—first to a man named Parks who was killed or died of disease in the War of 1812, leaving her with five children, Asa, Isaac, Jane, Julian, and Cordelia. Some years after she married Kiby Mesinger, who was also a soldier. They continued living in Onondaga County, New York, and Asa, Jane, Julian, and Cordelia married there. Asa was married to a girl named Sweet, Jane to Samuel Howd, Julian to James Benedict, Cordelia to Durant. When the Mesingers went west they took Isaac Parks, and Orissa and Almeda Mesinger with them, and first settled on government land in Wisconsin. Here Isaac married and Samuel was born. Afterward they moved on to Iowa, lured by prospects of a better location. Isaac went also, and soon all the others and their families, except Jane and Julian, were in Iowa. And all were near enough to be at the wedding of George and Almeda even if some did have to camp more than one night on the way. George fixed his cabin ready for company and the bride, then made the trip to Fort Des Moines, brought his sister Harriet, her husband, and daughter Mary about ten years of age, and also brought the chaplain. After the wedding he took his bride, the chaplain, and his sister's fam-

ily to his own home. All this happened on October 15, 1845. After a day's visit they all embarked in the emigrant wagon again and went back to the Fort where George and Almeda visited a few days, then returned home, taking their household supplies for the winter.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Mesinger and Samuel were left to spend the winter without a daughter. Orissa had married a man named Williams sometime before, living near enough to permit of frequent visits. But this tale is of George Van Dorn and Almeda, so we will follow them.

Almeda had suffered from western ague till her health was very much impaired, and as George was used to doing housework and there was little for him to do in the winter except to hunt and slay sufficient game for table use, or chop enough logs for the fire place, he continued efficient in the culinary department, especially as the young mistress had never cooked by a fireplace, and he was afraid she might burn herself up in the attempt. Remember her people had come from New York State where cookstoves were first used and had brought one with them. At that time every householder made most of the furniture himself. Stools made from hewn slabs for bottoms and stakes for legs were used instead of chairs.

However, the Mesingers and Van Dorns each had a couple of rocking-chairs brought from the Fort. The bedsteads were stakes driven into the logs on one side and legs in front; tables were hewn slabs smoothed on the upper side, long and narrow. These homemade devices were left behind when a family moved, thus lessening the job of moving.

A year passed with few changes. The first real event was the arrival of a little daughter November 11, 1846. A horse-back rider made the forty-mile trip to the Fort and brought a physician who, of course, arrived too late to assist the stork, but was useful in caring for the mother and child a few days. He then left, riding the faithful horse the long trip home, his saddlebags well filled with lunch and horse feed after the common custom, and bearing good news to the Wilcox family.

The baby was named DeMaris Van Dorn and seemed to fill a place to the complete satisfaction of the parents. While the doctor was there to oversee, the father hollowed out a cradle

from a log for the baby. Then they cheerfully entered another long, cold winter, almost a period of hibernating. This baby is myself, the writer, now seventy-two years old.

Spring brought plenty of hard work for the father, as the young mother's health was still poor. The whole care of a baby is a colossal undertaking for a mother at the age of only sixteen years and five months, and no doctor within forty miles. But they were young and ambitious and each did the best he could and in time spring sowing and summer harvesting were over.

As they heard glowing reports of the climate of Oregon Territory and of the wonderful productiveness of the soil, they planned to sell their claim to some of the many immigrants now filling the new state of Iowa, just admitted to the Union, and go to Oregon, feeling convinced the climate would be better for the mother. Accordingly when I was near eleven months old they started with two large covered wagons and four yoke of oxen. The parting was hard for mother but with the hope of youth she pictured herself coming back in short years with good health and prosperity. One half-brother, however, objected so strenuously that he and father almost came to blows.

As mother was not able to travel all day without resting, a comfortable bed was arranged in one wagon for her use both day and night. The first day's journey brought them to Fort Des Moines sometime in the night, but they stayed in the wagons till morning and did not arouse the Wilcoxes, preferring to camp. They were joined by the Wilcoxes with a couple of wagons and teams, and others, and as they went on the number of wagons and families increased till there was quite a train traveling towards what was to be the state of Oregon.

It may be interesting to note some of the rules followed by the emigrants. They were to help each other through all difficulties, but each separate family provided for itself when able; only part of the men at a time were to ride on horseback and watch for game, which was always divided; when opportunity offered for fishing some were detailed for that; each day they drove as far as possible, but if any team gave out, or for some reason it was necessary for one outfit to stop a day or two, at least two others must stop with them to insure help in time of trouble.

It was deemed best for small parties to stop over frequently,

scattering the train over quite a long distance. As the rested teams caught up some of the tired ones would stop. During these stops the women would do washing, baking, etc., that they were too tired to undertake when stopping only for a night.

Slowly they made their way over the long stretch of miles, over plain and mountain, fording rivers, as there was neither bridge nor ferry. Within fifty miles of a fort with a small settlement (afterwards Oregon City), the headquarters of government land agents, the whole train camped in a body, forming a corral in which the oxen could be driven and not have to have a guard to watch all night. When they had rested a day or so they concluded to send three men ahead on horseback to interview the land agents and see the available spots for pre-emption. Ere long, after much riding and looking, each had selected a place to stop and called it home.

Some went into the settlement near the fort. Among them was the Wilcox family, as uncle liked business life and could have employment in the government quarters. My father selected what he often said was the "most beautiful prairie land that the sun ever shone on," with a border of timber on one side, mostly tall fir trees, and a stream of water, thirty miles from the settlement. Here he immediately went to work to prepare a place for his family and teams, and the cow that had made the long journey with them, and even the two dogs that had helped herd the cattle and had made themselves so useful that they were almost considered part of the family, especially as they had been so watchful over the baby.

First a corral was built of logs of the tall fir trees for the cattle at night. Next father cut timber for a cabin, and when he had sufficient he drove to the settlement for men to help. All this time they had been living in the wagons. And here my mother stayed and cared for her babe while father made the three days' trip for men, provisions, ammunition, etc. Occasionally roving bands of Indians were to be seen, but so far they had not disturbed us. While father was gone mother planned her domicile, staking it out right near to shade and water. Quite heroic, for she was not yet eighteen years of age. I have heard wonderful description of the double cabin—two rooms, with hall between broad enough to drive an ox team bringing large backlogs

for the immense fireplace. In that mild climate they needed no windows, only small openings for light and air, and doors for protection from wild beasts.

But now father was obliged to quit work on the house before putting the doors in, as it was time to break prairie, which would not be much good the first year, though he might try to raise a little grain for his own use. But fortune favored, as a man living three miles down stream needed help with his ground, which had been under cultivation for a year or more, and would give father a good share for work with team. So father took his helpers back and on this trip brought mother a present, an old hen with fifteen chickens, a veritable prize.

About this time father traded his riding horse, which he always considered unsafe for mother, to an Indian for a very pretty, fleetfooted Indian-trained one, which the Indian said was "good for white squaw," and his word proved true. With the new horse came a squaw saddle with beaded blanket. All this time mother's health had been improving, and now with horseback riding she had a degree of happiness hitherto unknown. When father went away to work she often went with him with me in her lap, one dog following and the other left to keep wild pests from her chickens and garden. Some of father's work was quite a way from home, so he made a canoe after the fashion of the Indians and would leave his team where he worked and paddle home at night and back in the morning.

They were living happily with bright prospects and, through a letter to Aunt Harriet Wilcox at the settlement, had heard good news from the home folks. Father was not only earning some of the crop by helping the elder settler but also was getting his place ready to raise some another year. Some real fencing had been done with rails that he himself cut and split, and the doors were hung so they no longer had to keep a fire burning outside to keep the wolves and other wild animals away, when it was rumored that gold had been discovered in California.²

Many were making a rush for the mines, in fact men were wild to go, as they thought to pick up the precious metal. They

²The discovery of gold in California was made January 24, 1848, on the American branch of the Sacramento River, but it was as late as May of that year before it became generally known. (See "History of the United States," by J. F. Rhodes, Vol. I, p. 111; "History of the United States," by Garner and Lodge, Vol. III, p. 1001.) -Editor.

loaded their wives and children into wagons and with incompetent young men sent them back to Iowa or other states. They started to California in gangs. When the Indians saw so many leaving, and feeling imposed upon by the great amount of travel which frightened away the game and scattered their herds of ponies, they began to be savage and the war cry was sounded. This made it dangerous for the few that wished to live peaceably in the homes they had started. Numbers flocked to the fort for protection. But with none to till the soil and such poor facilities for bringing supplies from other places, they soon found they must abandon this place, leaving it to the government agents.

A council was held and some thirty men, with teams and wagons loaded with what supplies the government agents could spare, made a start in the same direction the greater crowd was traveling. Among these were the Wilcoxes, my parents, and one other man with his family. Father now had eight yoke of oxen—two wagons with four teams to a wagon—two cows, and the two faithful dogs that had been my companions and protectors whenever I was outside the cabin door. Mother had her horse which she rode most of the time, carrying me in her lap. When they forded a stream she would get into the wagon; so did Aunt Harriet Wilcox and Cousin Mary, as they felt “safer with George for teamster.” Mother’s horse turned loose would swim along near the oxen, and when one wagon was across father would mount mother’s horse and swim back and take the other teams across, hanging onto the leaders’ (ox) bows on the downstream side to keep the oxen from turning and swimming downstream. Sometimes he had to use the whip to keep them straight. The wagon boxes were tight like a boat and bolted fast to the running gears.

All were well armed and ready for an attack at any time, as the Indians were still on the warpath trying to keep the whites from their hunting grounds. Even the women had fire arms and bowie-knives. All this time the Indians did not have guns and were very much afraid of them. The company kept together, as it was not safe for any to stop and let others go on. When they reached the mountains the work of doubling teams so often and helping each other made progress very slow. The teams were tired, the soil was poor, and vegetation was short. They

had to camp longer each day and sometimes rest for days.

They finally reached Wailatpu Mission about the first of December and made application to stay till spring, but could not be allowed to do so as there were lots more to follow and grass would become scarce. However, they stayed two or three weeks and then went on with still more of a crowd than before. They had only made a couple of weeks more time when they were overtaken by some horsemen from the Mission who had escaped during the great Indian massacre when nearly all at the fort were ruthlessly slain, including Rev. Marcus Whitman and his wife and family, the missionaries who had been so kind to the Indians and had taught them so faithfully.³

When our party heard this terrible news they camped for awhile and some of our men, well armed, rode back a distance in the hope of finding some others that might have gotten away, but not till long after did they hear of any. A girl had crawled into a storage cave and must have become unconscious from fright, and when she came to, found herself alone with the smouldering ruins of the Mission in which all the dead had been burned. She wandered away she knew not where, and after days was picked up in a starving condition by another emigrant train and was cared for, eventually reaching the same destination as the other emigrants, and was recognized by my mother who remembered her at the Mission. She clung to mother some time.

When my people started from Oregon they had two cows. One they left at the Mission as a present to the missionaries, the Whitmans, who had been so kind to them. Mother was determined to keep the other, driving it as she rode on horseback through canyons and over mountains, though father kept telling her not to work so hard with it. One morning the cow was missing and mother was obliged to ride on without her, and never knew whether she got out of the corral in search of better pasture, or was driven off by the Indians as she strayed away from camp. The lost cow was named Bob. I had been told the old

³Dr. Marcus Whitman, a Presbyterian medical missionary, whose home had been in central New York, in 1836 established a mission at Wailatpu, twenty miles up Walla Walla River from Fort Walla Walla, and erected buildings there. On November 28, 1847, he and his wife and several others were massacred by the Indians. (See "Pioneer Days of Oregon History," Vol. II, pp. 369-544.)
—Editor.

nursery rhyme of the cow jumping over the moon, but hardly believing it, made up a version that suited better, viz., "Old Bob jumped over the barner," the shed at the Oregon home.

About this time one of the valuable dogs that helped with the hunting, and was the fierce protector of mother and child, was missing. So well were these dogs trained that when they had a wild animal "treed" one would guard it and the other go for father, and when he heard a certain peculiar howl he would grasp his ever-loaded gun, sure of being guided to something worth shooting. One day the dogs found a grizzly bear and chased it toward a small lake in front of the wagon train. The men immediately grabbed their guns. Father ran up to mother who had me in her arms on horseback, helped her down, jumped on her horse and rode furiously after the dogs. This is the only incident I can really remember of the long, tedious journey. I was not yet three years old but I can see how the bear jumped into the water and the water splashed high. They got the bear which meant fresh meat. The hide was saved with many others to be sold to the first fur company they came in contact with.

But the longest journey will end in time, so after six months of homeless traveling and camping they crossed a swift river and set foot on new soil where Sacramento now is. And the three women of this train, Aunt Harriet Wilcox, her daughter Mary, and my mother, Almeda Van Dorn, were the first white women, and I was the first white child, that reached the wild land or camp, as the other family who started had joined another party where they found relatives and acquaintances and camped some time before crossing the river.

In this city of tents were also many members of the Hudson Bay Company of early fame. I was the only white child in the whole settlement, but was not old enough to realize the distinction. Soon after getting into this camp where the Hudson Bay Company had headquarters, father hunted up the head man of this division, a Mr. Burnett, and sold him the hides and furs that our party had saved up, and also sold him the claim back in Oregon for \$600. He hated to part with the claim as he liked it so much and wanted it for a permanent home, but he was out of money and he feared it might be a long time before it would be safe to go back there. But it was not many months

before the government sent troops to many points in the western states and territories and the Indians were somewhat subdued.

But now just imagine father receiving the price for his claim and those furs in weighed out gold! No coin at all! And the only way that he could take it back to camp was in his hat, and that was somewhat the worse for wear. Within a couple of days father had secured a large tent from the Hudson Bay Company and had cleared out his wagon and started two hired men with his teams to the mines with loads of men, implements, and provisions. And these men were to bring back report of the mining location, etc. My father never went to the mines but kept teams going back and forth all the time. He also hired two colored men, that is, he bought their time of their masters who had brought them from the South. They were cooks.

Father and Uncle Francis Wilcox, with mother and Aunt Harriet for partners, commenced keeping boarders and, by the way, did a big business in that line, as it was the only place where the great rush of men that came either by land or by sea could buy a meal.

Not long after they were located a man came in to dinner with a fine dog following him. Father spoke the name of his lost dog and immediately the dog jumped to greet him. The stranger said he had traded for him, getting him from a man who claimed to have raised him. Then father got me and stood me where I could see the dog, and what happened convinced all present that two fond friends had met after a long separation. Stub had already died and Bounce soon followed.

Ere long a number of the men that belonged to the Hudson Bay Company and Uncle Francis Wilcox and father began to plan for more permanent homes. Father sent to New York City by a sea captain and had a large house framed and sent by steamer all ready to set up, and thus was the first to erect a frame house in what is now Sacramento City. Soon carpenters began to work and numbers of men sent for their families, mostly Spaniards and Mexicans, but Mr. Burnett of whom I have spoken was an American, and his wife and family came by water from the Eastern States I think. They also built them a house at this time, I am not informed as to the material.

I do not know how much of a family Mr. Burnett had, but

of a wife and a son and daughter I am sure. This son and daughter were young and they and Cousin Mary Wilcox were soon fast friends. Mrs. Burnett had been a teacher before her marriage and the Burnett young people had brought their books, and as Cousin Mary had never had much opportunity for attending school, Mrs. Burnett taught them all for a time. But ere long the son, who began to be his father's helper in many ways, concluded that he and Cousin Mary could just as well study and work together, and in about a year after their first meeting Dwight Burnett and Mary Wilcox were married.

Another wedding with many obstacles! The day was set and both families were interested in the preparations. I think it was the latter part of March and spring was coming on, with rain and sunshine that melted the snow in the mountains. The water came pouring down into the river and filled the beautiful valley, washing away many habitations. At this time my uncle and parents and the Burnetts were all living close together in some kind of small houses. The Van Dorn Hotel which stood on the highest ground in the settlement was occupied by renters, as the work and care had proved too arduous for aunt and mother. Father had a man living with them who had a team of horses. They needed an extra man in every household as there were so many lawless people. When they went to bed this rainy night they were aware the valley was fast filling with water, so father began to mark it and watch the time, and found it would take the quite temporary house. He called the teamster and told him to get out his horses and they would go to the hotel. When they left the house mother stepped from the door, where the water was already several inches deep on the floor, into the stirrup of the saddle, and when seated father put his accumulated gold into her lap, and the teamster in front of her, then he mounted the other horse with me in his arms, and the horses were guided towards the hotel, swimming part of the time. When this haven was reached father immediately sent a boatman for Aunt Harriet and family, also the Burnetts.

The following day was appointed for the Burnett-Wilcox wedding and here they were at the Van Dorn family hotel on the highest ground in the settlement, the lower floor covered with water to the depth of several inches and a boat fastened to the

front steps so they could escape if matters grew still worse. But fortunately the rain stopped and the water seemed stayed the next morning. So the young couple insisted that the wedding be not postponed as that was considered a bad sign. A man with a boat was sent out to look into the deserted houses for the few nice things that had been prepared for the bride. The clothing which was packed in a chest was wet and would need a thorough renovating. The cake that my mother had concocted with the best ingredients available was soaked to a sloppy mush. In fact all that had been prepared was ruined, but they were not to be thwarted if the priest were alive. The Burnetts were Catholics and a priest was the only clerical available. There was no justice or magistrate of any kind, and no law but the law of the strongest and quickest over the weakest and slowest, or each for himself as best he could.

So the wedding was solemnized without fancy clothes or extra viands and sweetmeats, but there was this satisfaction, no other young people were watching and laughing at their discomfiture. Soon after this great inundation the government began looking after its rich estate and a dike was made to protect this section, and I believe it is so protected to this day. In due time California was made a state and Mr. Burnett, Dwight's father, was made the first governor and continued in that position for either two or three terms.⁴

A couple of personal incidents may interest my grandchildren. While my people were living at the Van Dorn Hotel a theatrical troupe from the States found their way to the settlement, thinking to make a lot of money off the lonely men congregated there, but finding no place at all suitable for their entertainment, they began to pack up and go to some other place. As some of the company stayed at our place I was used to playing with them, so when one of them took me to their camp and hid me I was

⁴Peter Hardeman Burnett, first governor of California, was born at Nashville, Tennessee, November 15, 1807. He became a lawyer, removed to Oregon in 1843, farmed, practiced law, and was a legislator and a judge. In 1848 he left Oregon for California with the first company of gold seekers. Arriving there he worked in the mines, but in 1849 became agent for the Suttin interests. He was active in urging the formation of a state government prior to the admission of the territory into the Union. He was elected governor in December, 1849, although California was not admitted as a state until September 9, 1850. Governor Burnett resigned in January, 1851, and engaged in the practice of law in San Francisco, and in 1857 became a justice of the Supreme Court of California. From 1863 to 1880 he was president of the Pacific Bank of San Francisco. (See National Cyclopaedia American Biography, Vol. IV, p. 105.)—Editor.

not at all frightened. It seemed to be their idea to kidnap me, thinking they would be able to get a good ransom. But before they left on the boat I was missed and my father and friends gave alarm and began to search. Some one had seen the show-man playing with me, so to their camp went armed men. Of course they denied knowing anything of my whereabouts, but at the point of a gun one of them led the searchers to the place where I was hidden and soon I was home. It is needless to add that the troupe was quickly escorted from the little settlement and given to understand they dare not return.

A little child was a curiosity in this new land and amid such surroundings. Lonely men would watch me play, thinking perhaps of little ones left behind. One such brought me a pair of bracelets of rather crude style. It was not until sometime later when in playing I broke one that mother herself realized that they were fashioned out of pure gold, a loving gift fashioned by hand.

When I was five years old, or in the spring of 1851, my father disposed of most of his property in Sacramento and started for New York State. At that time they made their way down what was then called the Chagres River and crossed the Isthmus with pack mules. And right here was one of the most dangerous parts of all their travels. The trip down the river was made in small boats manned by incompetent men and many were drowned. When crossing the Isthmus they were in the power of lawless Mexican mutineers given to thieving and robbery of the worst type. In company with my people were several men who had been in their employ and who like themselves wanted to get back to the States, or "God's country," as they often called it. All were well armed and fully determined to protect themselves. My mother also wore a belt with two revolvers, and she was capable of using them to good advantage, too, quiet, mild-spoken gentlewoman that she was.

She rode a mule, as did all the rest but me, and I was carried on the back of the faithful colored man who was coming back to the States with gold enough to buy his wife and his mother who were still slaves in the South. He was free because his master, who had taken him to California as a body servant, had sold him to my father cheap when it became understood that



DE MARIS ORISSA VAN DORN, aged 4 (Mrs. P. V. Van Arsdale)

California would be a free state and that soon his master would have no further claim on him. Although free he came with us as it was unsafe for a colored man to travel alone.

The nights they had to put in on the Isthmus they slept in seamens' hammocks, swung high, out of the reach of prowling beasts. But a greater fear was of human marauders. Part of the company stood guard while others slept, and at different times the company were aware that the robbers were trying to overhaul them. Once they tried to separate the company by trying to get Charlie, the colored man, away, thinking part would follow him and thus weaken the force. But Charlie was not easily led astray but kept close to mother, with me on his back in a small chair which was strapped to him, and in which I was fastened so I could sleep at will or keep awake and watch proceedings. Right here I must add that the camphor chest now in my possession was strapped to a pack mule and crossed the Isthmus with me. Do you wonder that I prize it so highly?

After we were on board ship and under way for the States I have heard mother say she then came nearest real rest of mind and body she had ever experienced, and father was of much the same mind, for he had keenly felt the dangers of crossing the Isthmus. My parents both escaped seasickness, but I did not. However, as the only child on board I was well cared for. I still have little tokens of the friendship of both the captain and mate. At Jamaica the mate stayed with me while father and mother went ashore. I still have the silk dress mother bought that day, with the many other things she needed as she had not been where there was an opportunity to buy for some years. To keep from paying duty on her purchases she cut the silks into breadths which made it the same as clothing.

Arriving in New York they went to a hotel awhile for a much needed rest. Father had Charlie, the colored man, with him as a servant until he could be sent off to his old southern home.

Father's substance was all in gold dust which necessitated use of scales, so he took it to the mint and exchanged it for coin. At that time there were no bank exchanges and one traveling must carry his money with him. And that is why this same camphor chest was broken into at two different times, the burglars thinking that father kept his money locked up inside, but both times they were mistaken.

As soon as she could compose herself after arriving in a civilized country and being located comfortably, mother wrote to her sisters, Jane Howd and Julien Benedict, who had stayed in New York State when the Mesingers went west, and from whom she had not heard for years. The return mail brought a hearty response.

We stayed in New York City about three weeks during which time mother copiously replenished her wardrobe. This must have been a wonderful experience, for she was still a young and comely woman, not much past twenty, and she had but few nice clothes. Indeed she had been so low on changes of dresses that she had colored some unused tent cloth with bark of a nut tree and made it into dresses, though she had saved her wedding dress and one or two finer articles of apparel while living where there were none but savages to see her.

When they felt presentable they went to Syracuse, which was their first ride on the steam cars, and so started on a delightful round of visiting among the relatives here and in other points in New York State. And I, who had no brothers and sisters and never but few playmates, became acquainted with a number of nice cousins who have ever since been very dear to me.

Soon after father bought a farm adjoining Uncle James Benedict's in Onondaga County, where we resided several years. Here my father became converted and he, mother, and myself, aged eight, all joined the Methodist Episcopal church, of which my mother had been a member in childhood. Father was made local preacher and for several years acted in that capacity, moving occasionally to a small town or country community that needed him most. He missed an education in public speaking as his youth had been so full of deprivations, so went to Fulton, a college town, and was for some time under private instruction.

In the fall of 1860, having sold the farm near Syracuse, he bought one in Oneida County, three miles south of Trenton Falls, and we lived there till the spring of 1862 when he again sold and started west, stopping in Ohio. Some time was spent in temporary abodes while looking for a location here and near Bernadotte, Illinois. In October, 1862, we settled in Fairview, Fulton County, Illinois. Here I formed many acquaintances, the most important in my history being Peter Van Der Veer

Van Arsdale, to whom I was married on May 16, 1866. In March, 1872, we came to Iowa and settled on a farm near Chariton, and this town has been our home ever since. Now I have led you back to the state where I started. My mother dropped dead in her garden here in 1879 and my father passed away a couple of years later. I have passed my golden wedding anniversary and still have the kind husband and four of my dear children, who grew to maturity and are married and living near in Iowa, to comfort me in my seventy-third year. I also have three grandchildren and I feel that God has been very good to me.

In thinking this over I see I have left out about my being stolen by an Indian in Sacramento. But fortunately I was rescued by a posse of men before he reached his tribe.

The editor of the *Prairie Farmer*, in noticing the gratifying fact that Illinois beef stands A No. 1, in the New York market, both in quantity and quality, would be inclined to boast, were it not that he thinks too much encouragement is given to the improvement of beef, instead of the improvement of brains—that the mental, moral and physical powers of the children are sacrificed to make them good herders of cattle, instead of intelligent and cultivated cattle breeders. We fear that both brains and beef are too much neglected in Iowa.—*Iowa Farmer and Horticulturist*, June, 1856. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)

A correspondent in the *Prairie Farmer* asks the question, what are cattle raisers to do for a range for their stock, when the wild prairie is shut out from them. It would be well for the farmers of Iowa to think of this also, and prepare in time pastures of their own.—*Iowa Farmer and Horticulturist*, June, 1856. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

HISTORICAL RESOURCES OF THE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT OF IOWA

In the preparation of an inventory of the public property in the hands of the Curator of the Historical Department of Iowa, in compliance with Chapter 177, Acts of the Thirty-ninth General Assembly, the staff of the Department has many times brought out from the different divisions contributions toward complete information upon single objects, often surprising, always interesting. An instance is herewith presented from the actual experience of the Curator's office with respect to one of our historical portraits most familiar to the eye of the visitor.

KEOKUK

(An editorial in *Iowa State Register*, April 19, 1883, from newspaper files in Historical Department.)

Fifty years ago this spring, except for the mining camp at the mouth of the Catfish, where Dubuque now stands, the soil of Iowa was occupied by Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes and Sioux. Theirs was the control of the buffalo that fed upon the prairies, and theirs the deer that took covert under the maples of the Turkey, the oaks of the Maquoketa, the cedars of the Cedar, and the butternuts of the Des Moines, and honey was stored in every wikeup.

Keokuk, the Sac, was the principal ruler of Iowa fifty years ago. This man deserves more prominence in Iowa history than has been popularly accorded him. Born in 1780 on Rock River, he seems to have been of equal rank with Black Hawk in the allied tribes of the Sacs and Foxes. But when Black Hawk allied his band with the British in the War of 1812 Keokuk kept his people neutral, and later when that turbulent warrior defeated Stillman and courted his own ruin by the campaign that followed, Keokuk, by the exercise of his wonderful oratory, kept the Iowa people quiet. And it is a remarkable fact that the bands ruled by Keokuk, Appanoose, Wapello and Kishkekosh, preserved an unbroken peace with the whites from the treaty with Lieutenant Pike early in the century up to 1845, when they withdrew to Kansas to make room in Iowa for two millions of people. Hardly a murder oc-

curred during this long contact with the advance guard of the white army of civilization.

Keokuk could be brave on occasion, as was more than once realized by the Sioux, but his bent of mind preferred the council pipe to the tomahawk, and he would have been glad to end his days on his chosen farm at Agency, but the needs of his people constrained him to accompany them to the new home in Kansas. Tradition has it that he became too fond of whisky in his new home and died from its effects. But when it is remembered that hundreds of the allied Pottawattamies became homesick for the shade-fringed streams of Central Iowa, we should forgive the aged Keokuk, the orator, the prudent ruler, the respecter of treaties, for seeking to bolster up his breaking stoicism with potations that served to shorten the Kansas prairie horizon to his eyes. Let us accept him as a historic character in Iowa, and if any picture or bust of him can be procured, let us perpetuate his lineaments in the new Capitol, as the face of an Indian who loved peace rather than war, and who comprehended too well that his people were not only to give way before the white covered wagons of emigration, but disappear from the race of men.

AS TO KEOKUK'S PORTRAIT

(From *Iowa State Register*, April 21, 1883, from newspaper files in Historical Department.)

Ed. Register: Your suggestions as to the preservation of the memory of that noble chief Keokuk were timely and deserve attention. It is not generally known that Catlin, the celebrated painter, who was present when the treaty was made with the Indians, so admired the noble physique of Keokuk that he painted his portrait in full life size, the chief being seated on a horse, and it was pronounced one of the best portraits painted by that artist. This portrait should become the property of the state of Iowa. It is probably now in Europe, among his art collection. In 1876 a royal octavo edition of finely executed colored plates, *facsimiles* of his portraits, was published in London, which were sold at ten dollars a volume. At least three of Catlin's works contain much valuable history of the Indians who inhabited Iowa, for he came here and lived with them to get his facts. Singularly enough, none of these publications are in the State Library. Mr. Catlin died at an advanced age in Jersey City, in December, 1872.

LEX.

KEOKUK'S PORTRAIT

(From *Iowa State Register*, April 22, 1883, from newspaper files in Historical Department.)

Yesterday Mrs. Maxwell called the Register reporter's attention to the well-intended communication from "Lex," and said the article did the State Library an injustice. She then called the scribe's attention

to an alcove half filled with books dealing on the multiform topics of American archeology. She next produced a copy of Catlin's "North American Indians," edition of 1876, an old work in folio and a folio of lithographs selected from Catlin's works. The reporter then gave the volumes a half hour's examination. The second volume of Catlin's works revealed not only a portrait of Keokuk himself, but also of his favorite wife (honored among seven) and her young son. Page 210 Mr. Catlin says:

"Kee-o-kuk (the running fox) is the present chief of the tribe, a dignified and proud man, with a good share of talent, and vanity enough to force into action all the wit and judgment he possesses, in order to command the attention and respect of the world. At the close of the Black Hawk War in 1833, which had been waged with disastrous effects along the frontier by a Sac chief of that name, Kee-o-kuk was acknowledged chief of the Sacs and Foxes by General Scott, who held a treaty with them at Rock Island. His appointment of chief was a consequence of the friendly position he had taken during the war, holding two-thirds of the warriors neutral, which was no doubt the cause of the sudden and successful termination of the war, and the means of saving much bloodshed. Black Hawk and his two sons, as well as his advisers and warriors, were brought into St. Louis in chains, and Kee-o-kuk appointed chief with the assent of the tribe. In his portrait I have represented him in the costume precisely in which he was dressed when he stood for it, with his shield on his arm, and his staff (insignia of office) in his left hand. There is no Indian chief on the frontier better known at this time, or more highly appreciated for his eloquence as a public speaker than Kee-o-kuk, as he has repeatedly visited Washington and others of our Atlantic towns, and made his speeches before thousands when he has been contending for his peoples' rights in their stipulations with the United States government for the sale of their lands."

The portrait above referred to appears to have been dropped from the edition at the State Library, but on page 212 the author says:

"After I had painted the portrait of this vain man at full length, and which I have already introduced, he had the vanity to say to me that he made a fine appearance on horseback, and that he wished me to paint him thus. So I prepared my canvass in the door of the hospital which I occupied in the dragoon cantonment, and he flourished about for a considerable part of the day in front of me until the picture was completed. The horse that he rode was the best animal on the frontier, a fine blooded horse for which he gave the price of \$300, a thing he was quite able to do, who had the distribution of \$50,000 annuities annually amongst his people. He made a great display on this day, and hundreds of the dragoons and officers were about him and looking on during the operation. His horse was beautifully caparisoned and his scalps were carried attached to the bridle-bits."

The above picture was painted while one of the later treaties with the Sacs and Foxes was being arranged, and probably at Agency. Old settlers will probably be able to settle this point. The picture is a wonderfully spirited one, showing an imposing looking man on a magnificent horse. The author says in a note that one of his audiences in New York afterward disputed the appearance of the horse, but both Keokuk and Antoine LeClaire, who were present, certified that the picture of the horse was very faithful.

But the old book in the State Library is a treasury of Iowa chiefs. These faces, which are larger than panel photographs and lithographed with considerable skill, should also be transferred to the walls of the new Capitol. Mr. Catlin's book contains portraits of Black Hawk, Pashipapa and some others, all in miniature, but the old folio has Naw-Kaw, the predecessor of Wadena, chief of the Winnebagoes; Appanoose, of the Sacs and Foxes; Mahaska (father and son), of the Iowas; Wapello, another distinguished Indian of that day; Kishkekosh, head of the Pottawattamies, and known to many old settlers hereabouts; and a Musquakie chief who was murdered by a small band of Illinois Indians while going on a visit to Prairie du Chien.

Thus it will be seen that the labor of Catlin in Iowa has preserved the lineaments of the representative Indians occupying Iowa at the time when "Manifest Destiny" required this fair land for white settlement.

With such excellent and authentic material at their hands, the Capitol commissioners need not look farther for appropriate mural decorations for some one of the larger rooms yet to be embellished, and thus preserve to the future Iowa of five million people the semblance of a people now almost extinct.

KEOKUK AND CATLIN

(From *Keokuk Gate City*, April 26, 1883, from newspaper files in Historical Department.)

The collection and preservation of all manner of historical facts connected with the early settlement of Iowa has been undertaken by the state librarian at Des Moines. Thus far many persons throughout the state have responded with contributions of books, original manuscripts, etc., and a recent writer in the *Des Moines Register* advocated the purchase of an oil painting of the Indian chief Keokuk, which is now thought to be in England. There is talk of embellishing one of the larger rooms of the Capitol Building with the portraits of the great Indian chiefs and this discussion has called to memory of old settlers incidents occurring at the time Keokuk's portrait was painted in oil by Catlin. In 1834 the First United States Dragoons—Colonel Henry Dodge—went on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains. The campaign was specially conducted against the Pawnees, Comanches, Kiowas and Tawas. It appears that these tribes had taken prisoner a son of Judge Martin, of Arkansas, and the principal object was to secure his release. This was successfully accomplished at the Pawnee village at the foot of the mountains in the valley of the Red River, by exchanging the

daughters of two chiefs of the Pawnees, who were purchased of the Osages and held as hostages for this boy. The dragoons left St. Louis in April of that year, and Companies B, H, and I arrived at Fort Des Moines in the following September on their return from the mountains. The Indians at that time were not sufficiently civilized to adopt the deadly firearms of the whites, but still went to war with the bow and arrow and tomahawk. No fighting occurred. Colonel J. C. Parrott, of this city, was first sergeant of Company I and accompanied the dragoons on this campaign. He remembers Catlin very well, and witnessed the painting of the portrait of Keokuk at Montrose, then called Fort Des Moines. In 1834 Catlin was financially a bankrupt. He did not have a cent in ready cash, but was a fine artist. The officers of the First Dragoons took a fancy to him, and by special invitation he accompanied them to the mountains, and lived upon the charity of the officers, eating at their tables, etc. Catlin had a perilous adventure with a wounded bull buffalo while on the plains. The officers were on a hunt and Catlin was in full pursuit of a wounded bull, which, when hard pressed, wheeled and rushed at him. Catlin attempted to use his double-barrelled shot gun, and had just raised it to fire, when the buffalo's neck collided with the end of the barrels with such force as to snap the gun in twain at the breech. The enraged animal gored the horse which Catlin was riding in the flank, but the artist succeeded in getting out of the way unhurt. Catlin spent some time in the vicinity of Fort Snelling, and in 1836 came down the river in a steamer. He desired to stop at Fort Des Moines—Montrose—but the captain would not land. Catlin had a birch canoe on board, and finally persuaded the captain to slow up and put him and his baggage afloat in the canoe. He was an expert with the brush but out of his element when navigating the Father of Waters, as the disastrous result of his temerity conclusively demonstrated. The canoe upset and Catlin reached the shore but lost a prized pair of pistols and some light baggage. The portrait of Keokuk was painted at Fort Des Moines subsequent to Catlin's canoe experience. The canvas was about 3x4 feet. Keokuk was mounted on a fine black mare, gaily caparisoned and was bedecked himself in barbaric splendor. He rode up and down the parade ground in fine spirits until the portrait was completed. Catlin desired to make a copy of it for Keokuk, but he would not consent to that proposition. Keokuk claimed that if he took the portrait and hung it up in his wigwam he would not be able to sleep by reason of being mounted. Keokuk took great pride in fine horses and Colonel Parrott says if the mare referred to above only cost \$300 she was cheap, as Keokuk would pay \$1,000 for a horse that suited him.

Catlin went to England shortly after painting Keokuk's portrait where he amassed a fortune in selling portraits of Indian chiefs and western landscape scenes. He died in this country and left a valuable estate.

In 1886 Governor Larrabee received the oil painting of "Keokuk on Horseback" which for twenty years has been among our historical paintings. The story of its acquisition and attendant facts of much interest are disclosed in the letters herewith of James S. Clarkson and Thomas Donaldson, the originals of which are in our Public Archives Division.

Iowa State Register
Des Moines.

July 21, 1886.

Mr. F. W. Hossfeld,
Executive office, Des Moines.

Dear Sir:

The address of the Hon. Thomas Donaldson who presented this State with a picture of Keokuk, is number 326 No. 40th St., Philadelphia, Penn. Agreeable with Mr. Donaldson's request I enclose herewith for you to present to the Governor, the letter which he sent with the picture, and which he desires to have placed in the records of the state. It was miscarried in reaching me, and meantime he wrote me a letter, which was printed in the *Register* of the 21st inst.

As you will see there is very little difference in the two letters.

I would thank you for an acknowledgment of the letter and the picture, that I may send it to Mr. Donaldson to show him that my errand has been performed.

Yours truly,

J. S. CLARKSON.

No. 326 N. 40th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
April 8, 1886.

My dear Mr. Clarkson:

Recalling a conversation with you two years ago in relation to the Indians of Iowa, and the efforts of your state to get portraits of leading ones, I sent you yesterday a copy of George Catlin's "Keokuk on Horseback" for presentation to the proper person for the state of Iowa.

This copy was made from the original by George W. Nicholson, Esq., of this city, an artist of repute and standing. Mr. J. A. C. Dickson, artist, also aided.

Mr. James E. McClees, Jr., of McClees Art Galleries, also of Philadelphia, kindly took charge of the framing, etc.

The original of this picture, in General Catlin's Indian Gallery, was presented to the United States by Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Jr., of this city, in May, 1879.

Her husband, Joseph Harrison, Jr., purchased it along with the entire Catlin Indian Gallery from George Catlin in London, England, in 1862.

The Catlin Gallery, or collection, so purchased, was shipped by Mr. Harrison from London in 1865 to Philadelphia and stored in warehouses until May, 1879. During the year 1878 I ascertained the fact of this original Catlin Collection being in Philadelphia and at once negotiations were opened with the Harrison estate for its transfer to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. It was valued at \$65,000. In May, 1879, it was presented by Mrs. Harrison to the nation. Mr. Catlin was probably the first artist who visited the Indians in the interior of the present state of Iowa, during the years from 1831 to 1838, so that his work has an especial interest to the people of your state. Permit me to suggest that the state of Iowa as well as other northwestern states can have copied at a nominal cost the series of Indian paintings by Mr. Catlin, now in the National Museum. The results would be gratifying. I have no doubt that almost all of the Indians of note from 1800 to 1838, of the northwest, can be found in this collection, Sioux, Chippewa, Winnebago, etc. I append a list of the pictures in the collection relating to the Sac and Fox alone.

In this way by copying them a splendid series of portraits of your original inhabitants can be had for your state.

Now as to the copy of "Keokuk on Horseback" sent you. Some four years ago I read in the *State Register* a letter from some person describing how George Catlin painted the original "Keokuk on Horseback" in 1834, on the Des Moines River. He was present, and gave many interesting details. The communication also stated that the picture, he understood, had been sent to London and there destroyed. As at that time I had but recently obtained, packed, and shipped the original Catlin Collection to the Smithsonian Institution, including the identical picture, I knew it had not been destroyed, and so have had it copied and sent to you for your state.

By the way, cannot some of your citizens who knew or saw Mr. Catlin in Iowa or in the west send me some recollections of him?

Now as to the painting of this particular picture and of the other portrait of Keokuk by Mr. Catlin. Mr. Catlin visited Camp Des Moines in the fall of 1834. Here he met Colonel S. W. Kearney, who was in command with three companies of the U. S. Dragoons. Mr. Catlin descended the rapids in a boat with his wife, and after placing her on a steamboat for St. Louis, returned to Camp Des Moines. He then went with General J. M. Street, the Indian agent, to Keokuk's village. Colonel Kearney furnished them with an escort of eight dragoons, and also with a camping outfit. They reached Keokuk's village about sixty miles up the Des Moines River in two days. Mr. Catlin describes his visit as follows:

"The whole country that we passed over was like a garden, wanting only cultivation, being mostly prairie, and we found their (Sac and

Fox) village beautifully situated on a large prairie on the banks of the Des Moines River. They seemed to be well supplied with the necessities of life and with some of its luxuries. I found Keokuk to be a chief of fine and portly figure, with a good countenance, and great dignity and grace in his manners.

"General Street had some documents from Washington to read to him, which he and his chiefs listened to with great patience, after which he placed before us good brandy and good wine, and invited us to drink and to lodge with him. He then called up five of his runners or criers, communicated to them in a low but emphatic tone the substance of the talk from the agent, and of the letters read to him, and they started at full gallop, one of them proclaiming it through his village, and the others sent express to other villages comprising the whole nation.

"Keokuk came in with us with about twenty of his principal men, and brought in all his costly wardrobe that I might select for his portrait such as suited me best, but at once named of his own accord the one that was purely Indian. In that he paraded for several days, and in it I painted him at full length."

His full length is now picture No. 1, in the Catlin Collection, at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and is Plate No. 280, page 210, Vol. II, "Catlin's Manual, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indians, London, 1848."

Mr. Catlin continues:

"I painted his favorite wife, his favorite boy (now Rev. George Keokuk of Indian Territory), and eight or ten of his principal men and women, after which he and all his men shook hands with me, wishing me well, and leaving as a token of regard the most valued article of his dress, and a beautiful string of wampum which he took from his wife's neck. They then departed for their village in good spirits to prepare for their fall hunt."

Mr. Catlin also painted the "Keokuk on Horseback" at this same visit. The "Keokuk on Horseback" was not numbered in the original Catlin's Indian Gallery. It was carried around and exhibited on an easel. The original sketch from which this picture was painted is now in my possession. Mr. Catlin, after exhibiting his gallery in the United States in 1837 to 1839, removed it to Europe in 1839 where it remained until 1862 on exhibition.

"Keokuk on Horseback" can be found in "Catlin's Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indians." It is Plate No. 290, Page 212, Vol. II. It is now in the National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, numbered 1 A following the standing figure of "Keokuk" first described herein, and No. 1 of the collection.

The incidents of painting this picture in 1836 on the Des Moines River are given by Mr. Catlin:

"Keokuk is a man of a great deal of pride and makes truly a splendid appearance on his black horse. He owns the finest horse in the

country, and is excessively vain of his appearance when mounted and arrayed, himself and horse, in all their gear and trappings. He expressed a wish to see himself represented on horseback, and I painted him in that plight. He rode and nettled his prancing steed in front of my door until its sides were in a gore of blood."

Again Mr. Catlin refers to this painting, Plate No. 290, Page 212, Vol. II, "Catlin's Eight Years," "Keokuck [Keokuk] on Horseback":

"After I had painted the portrait of Keokuk at full length (No. 1 of the Catlin Collection now in the Smithsonian Institution and Plate No. 280 above cited), he had the vanity to say to me that he made a fine appearance on horseback, and that he wished me to paint him thus, so I prepared my canvass * * * and he flourished about for a considerable part of the day in front of me until the picture was completed. The horse that he rode was the best animal on the frontier, a fine blooded horse for which he gave the price of three hundred dollars. He made a great display on this day and hundreds of the dragoons and officers were about him, and looking on during the operation. His horse was beautifully caparisoned, and his scalps were carried attached to his bridle bits."

Mr. Catlin's Museum was on exhibition in New York City in 1838 when Keokuk and his warriors were in that city. He describes their visit as follows:

"While I was giving lectures on the customs of the Indians in the Stuyvesant Institute in New York in the fall of 1838, Keokuk and his wife and son with twenty more of the chiefs and warriors of his tribe, visited the city of New York on their way to Washington City, and were present one evening at my lecture, amidst an audience of 1500 persons. During the lecture I placed a succession of portraits on my easel before the audience and they were successively recognized by the Indians as they were shown, and at last I placed this portrait, "Keokuk on Horseback," before them, when they all sprang up and hailed it with a piercing yell. After the noise had subsided Keokuk arose and addressed the audience in these words: 'My friends, I hope you will pardon my men for making so much noise, as they were very much excited by seeing me on my favorite war horse, which they all recognized in a moment.' I had the satisfaction then of saying to the audience that this was very gratifying to me, inasmuch as many persons had questioned the correctness of the picture of the horse, and some had said in my exhibition rooms that it was an imposition—that no Indian on the frontier rode so good a horse. This was explained to Keokuk by the interpreter, when he arose again, quite indignant at the thought that anyone should doubt its correctness, and assured the audience that his men, a number of whom never had heard that the picture was painted, knew the horse the moment it was presented; and further, he wished 'to know why Keokuk could not ride as good a horse as any white man?' He here received a round of applause, and the interpreter, Mr. LeClair, rose and stated to the audience that he recognized the horse the moment

it was shown, and that it was a faithful portrait of the horse that he sold to Keokuk for three hundred dollars, and that it was the finest horse on the frontier belonging either to red or white men."

Mr. Catlin was many years in early Iowa, and I am surprised to find but little mention of him in the works on early Iowa.

In A. R. Fulton's clever work, "The Red Men of Iowa," I cannot even find his name mentioned, at least not in the index. His several works abound with descriptions of Iowa and her Indians.

He was a spectator of the treaty with the Sac and Fox nation, on the site of the present city of Davenport, in September, 1836. He accompanied General Street to the treaty grounds where he met General Dodge, Keokuk, Black Hawk and others. He remained several weeks with the Sac and Fox and painted many scenes of the life, customs, and games. The pictures that he painted at that time now form a portion of the Catlin Gallery now in the National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, viz.:

No. 439. Begging Dance, Sac and Fox.

No. 442. Dance to the Berdash.

No. 444. Dance to the Medicine, Bag of the Braves.

No. 448. Discovery Dance (of game or an enemy).

No. 450. Slave Dance.

No. 463. Smoking Horses.

The following list of portraits of Sac and Fox Indians, by George Catlin, are also in the same collection in the National Museum. The numbering is Mr. Catlin's as well as the spelling of the tribal and proper names. Some of them are incorrect according to modern usage, but they can all be easily identified. Mr. Catlin prepared this data in 1834-8 and 1862.

SAC AND FOX INDIAN PORTRAITS

BY GEORGE CATLIN

Sacs (Sáu-kies)

A tribe of Indians residing on the upper Mississippi and Des Moines rivers. Present number (in 1840) about 5000. The smallpox carried off half their population a few years since, and a considerable number were destroyed in the Black Hawk War in 1832-3.

This tribe shave the head, leaving only a small tuft of hair on the top which they call "scalplock."

[The acute accent is used in the spelling of the Indian names merely to denote the emphasis.]

1. Kee-o-kúk, The Running Fox, present chief of the tribe. Shield on his arm and staff of office (scepter) in his hand; necklace of grizzly bear's claws over the skin of a white wolf, on his neck. This man during the Black Hawk War, kept two-thirds of the warriors of the tribe neutral, and was therefore appointed chief by General Scott, in treaty, with the consent of the nation.

No. 1 A, "Keokuk on Horseback," painted in 1834. (Copy sent Iowa by Thomas Donaldson.)

2. Múk-a-tah-mish-o-káh-kaik, the Black Hawk in his war dress and paint. Strings of wampum in his ears and on his neck, and his medicine bag (the skin of the black hawk) on his arm. This is the man famed as the conductor of the Black Hawk War. Painted at the close of the war while he was a prisoner at Jefferson Barracks in 1832.

3. Náh-se-us-kuk, the Whirling Thunder, eldest son of Black Hawk. A very handsome man. He distinguished himself in the Black Hawk War.

4. Wa-sáw-me-saw, the Roaring Thunder, youngest son of Black Hawk. Painted while a prisoner of war.

5., wife of Kee-o-kúk (No. 1). In a dress of civilized manufacture, ornamented with silver brooches. This woman is the eldest of seven wives whom I saw in his lodge, and being the mother of his favorite son, the most valued one. To her alone would he allow the distinguished honor of being painted and hung up with the chiefs.

6. Me-sou-wahk, the Deer's Hair, the favorite son of Kee-o-kúk, and by him designated to be his successor. Now (1886) Rev. George Keokuk, chief of the Sac and Fox of Indian Territory.

7. Wah-pe-kée-suck, the White Cloud, called the "Prophet," one of Black Hawk's principal warriors and advisors. Was a prisoner of war with Black Hawk and traveled with him through the Eastern States.

8. Náh-pope, the Soup, another of Black Hawk's principal advisors, and traveled with him when he was a prisoner of war, to the eastern cities. He desired to be painted with a white flag in his hand.

9. Ah-móu-a, the Whale, one of Kee-o-kuk's principal braves, holding a handsome war-club in his hand.

10. Wa-quóth-e-quá, the Buck's wife, or Female Deer, the wife of Ah-móu-a.

11. Pash-ee-pa-ho, the Little Stabbing Chief, holding his staff of office in his hand, shield and pipe. A very venerable old man, who has been for many years the first civil chief of the Sacs and Foxes.

12. I-o-way, the Ioway, one of Black Hawk's principal warriors, his body curiously ornamented with his war paint.

13. Pam-a-hó, the Swimmer, one of Black Hawk's warriors, very distinguished.

14. No-kúkqua, the Bear's Fat.

15. Pash-ee-pa-ho, the Little Stabbing Chief (the younger), one of Black Hawk's braves.

16. Wah-pa-ko-lás-kuk, the Bear's Track.

FOXES

On the Des Moines River. Present number (in 1840) 1500.

17. Aih-no-wa, the Fire, a doctor or "medicine man." One half of his body painted red, and the other yellow.

18. Wée-sheet, the Sturgeon's Head, one of Black Hawk's principal warriors, his body most singularly ornamented with his war paint. This man held a spear in his hand with which he assured me he had killed four white men during the war.

19, 20, 21. Three in a group, names not known.

In concluding this long letter permit me to say, that I am glad that one state in the Union seems to be taking a special and a real interest in the history of its original Indian inhabitants, and that I shall be more than compensated if the contribution of a copy of the picture of "Keokuk on Horseback" shall in any way aid the growth of patriotic feeling and desire to preserve the memory of the Red men of Iowa.

In the Capitol at Washington, near the Senate Chamber, is a splendid bronze bust of Keokuk, by whom made I do not now recall. Surely when the great Council House of the nation is thought a worthy depository of a bust of Keokuk, the Capitol of his state should at least possess a copy of it.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS DONALDSON.

WILLSON ALEXANDER SCOTT

Willson Alexander Scott, as revealed in the sketch of his life printed elsewhere in this number of the *ANNALS*, is a true symbol of an early Iowa leader of enterprise. He came west, surveyed and appraised the fields of operation, chose a hamlet of insignificant pretensions and advantages, organized the confidence and the capital of his neighbors under the motto, "No man shall be unemployed at Fort Des Moines," and was on the crest of the wave of prosperity when it broke over the beach of the hard times of 1857. Carried on the books of memory as "Old Alex Scott," he made his way naked of means half the distance to a new field in Colorado and died in his forty-first year.

Such a leader of enterprise, in a period when adjustments of natural conditions to the demands of human refinement were being made, possessed, more than all else, imagination. Mr. Scott, a plain man among plain men, was in type a painter, a poet, an architect. It matters not at all that his money fled from him, for it flew to his friends of his day. Did not his sense of coming values and of time accord with the realities of our day? He possessed 500 acres of lands on the east side of the Des Moines River at "The Forks," most of which he platted and from which he gave his state part of her first Capitol Grounds at Des Moines.

This quality of imagination in scores of early Iowa leaders of enterprise is illustrated in Willson Alexander Scott. Similarly and as effectually in him are other qualities, indispensable to

striking leadership and brilliance of success or failure, revealed—courage, constancy, loyalty, unselfishness, ideality. That type of leader in Iowa usually failed in the sense of personal pecuniary fortune, but his visions usually became verities which our own generation has realized upon without much risk or effort. As W. A. Scott is a figure in the story of the location of the capital at Des Moines, so is his prototype conspicuous in the erection of almost every early public structure, daring line of transportation, and of more than one educational and religious institution.

The Historical Department is committed with the Polk County Pioneer Association to the proposition of placing a monument mass befitting his name and place over the bones of this most striking figure of that picturesque group of building pioneers.

IOWA'S YOUNGEST BRIGADIER GENERAL

Our friend J. D. Edmundson of Des Moines calls our attention to an inaccurate statement in the *ANNALS* of July, 1921, where in speaking of Samuel L. Glasgow, we say he "was the youngest of his rank from Iowa," the rank being brevet brigadier-general. On examining the "Roster of Iowa Soldiers in War of the Rebellion," and the "Historical Register of the United States Army," and other authorities we find these interesting facts: Francis J. Herron was born February 17, 1837, and on July 30, 1862, he was promoted to brigadier-general, his age then being twenty-five years, five months, and thirteen days. Samuel L. Glasgow was born September 17, 1838, and on December 19, 1864, was breveted brigadier-general, his age then being twenty-six years, three months, and two days. Thus General Herron at the time he was made a general was over nine months younger than was General Glasgow when he was breveted brigadier-general, and the honors seem to be with General Herron. However, Glasgow was a younger man than Herron by one year and seven months, so that when Glasgow received his promotion in December, 1864, it could be said of him that "he was the youngest of his rank from Iowa" at that time, although not the youngest brigadier-general from Iowa at any time. It seemed like almost an even race between these two gallant officers for that honor.

NOTABLE DEATHS

MAJOR FRANKLN JUDGE GARY was born at West Side, Crawford County, Iowa, March 7, 1886, and was killed in action on the battle front in the advance against Drocourt, east of Arras, France, September 2, 1917. Burial was in the British Military Cemetery three miles east of St. Pol, France. He grew to manhood at West Side and was graduated from the West Side High School. He was also a student for some time at Morningside College, Sioux City. He was employed in the manufacture of brick, sewer pipe, and tile at Marshalltown but removed to Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada, where he was in the same occupation when the World War began. He enlisted as a private in the Sixty-seventh Battalion, Canadian Infantry, Western Scotts, at Victoria, British Columbia, on September 1, 1915. On September 24 he was promoted from the ranks to lieutenant and was given a course of instruction in bombing. He went with his battalion overseas, arriving in England, March 24, 1916. Here he took a signaling course and on August 13 he went with his battalion to France to the Ypres salient, where they were until September 25, when they were sent to the Somme, arriving there October 3. Here he was promoted to captain on October 16. In November he went to England and was personally decorated with the military cross by King George at Buckingham Palace. On January 20, 1917, he was promoted to major. In May he was given a course of instruction in operating the Lewis gun. In June he with part of his command was transferred to the One Hundred and Second Infantry Battalion. In July he was sent to England to take a senior officer's course and returned to his command August 9, and on that date took charge of a raid in the Battle of Lens, which won him personal compliments from General Haig. On September 2 in the advance against Drocourt, east of Arras, he was struck by a fragment of shrapnel, was carried from the field and soon died.

WILLIAM C. HAYWARD was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, November 22, 1847, and died at Davenport, Iowa, September 16, 1917. He removed with his parents to Dakota County, Minnesota, in 1861. In 1864 he removed to Hancock County, Iowa, and in 1867 to Winnebago County. He worked on a farm, attended district school, clerked in a store, taught school, and in 1868 entered the first class at the opening of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Ames, remaining there until his junior year when he returned to Winnebago County, was elected county surveyor and became part owner of the *Winnebago Press*. In 1873 he sold the *Press* and bought the *Hancock Signal* at Garner and was appointed postmaster there, holding the position eleven years. He then entered banking business at Garner. He helped promote the building of the railroad from Eldora to Alden. He became extensively engaged in the grain, coal, and stock business, he and his partner operating twenty-five stations in Iowa, Minnesota,

and South Dakota. In 1886 the firm moved to Davenport. There he engaged in banking, serving as president of the Union Savings Bank, and later, of the Davenport National Bank. He was a member of the school board of Davenport for nine years. He was elected to the senate in 1897 and re-elected in 1901, serving in the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first general assemblies. He was elected secretary of state in 1906 and re-elected in 1908 and 1910, serving six years. On retiring from that office he gave his activities to the Davenport Ladder Company, of which he was president. He was a man in whom the people of the state had confidence.

JAMES LORING CARNEY was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, July 29, 1847, and died at Marshalltown, Iowa, September 19, 1917. He removed with his parents to Ohio when he was a small boy, and to Poweshiek County, Iowa, in 1855. In 1861 his father died, and his mother and the children removed to Grinnell. He was graduated from Iowa College, Grinnell, in 1871, and from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa in 1873. He then located at Marshalltown and entered the practice of law. During the following forty years he was, at different times, connected with the following firms: Henderson, Marriman & Carney, Henderson & Carney, Brown & Carney, Carney & Holt, and Carney & Carney. He won a high place as a lawyer. He was local attorney for the Chicago, Great Western Railroad Company and for the Western Union Telegraph Company. Commencing in 1882 he served four years as city solicitor for Marshalltown. In 1891 he was elected county attorney and served four years. In 1895 he was elected senator and served in the Twenty-sixth, Twenty-sixth extra, and Twenty-seventh general assemblies. He was a leader in the important work of code revision and in the legislation creating the State Board of Control. He was president of the school board of Marshalltown for several years. He was vice-president of the City National Bank of Marshalltown. He was the first president of the Marshall County Historical Society. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Minneapolis in 1892 and cast the only vote from Iowa for McKinley in that convention. In 1910 he was president of the State Bar Association.

JAMES NEWBERRY was born in Orange County, New York, May 26, 1827, and died at Strawberry Point, Iowa, September 22, 1917. He came with his parents to Loraine County, Ohio, in 1829. He attended common school and Norwalk Academy. In 1855 he removed to a farm in Clayton County, four miles southeast of Strawberry Point and continued to own it until his death. He taught school during winters for several years both before he left Ohio and after he came to Iowa. In 1876 he removed to Strawberry Point and for several years followed local newspaper business, and was also secretary of the Farmers' Creamery Company of that place. He was a successful farmer and dairyman,

In 1867 he was elected representative and served in the Twelfth General Assembly. He also served his county as a member of the board of supervisors for several years.

✓ ALVIN JONES was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, May 14, 1826, and died at Montezuma, Iowa, September 27, 1917. He was a cabinet maker in early life, but changed to farming. In 1861 he enlisted in Company G, Third Vermont Infantry, and served for three years. In 1867 he came to Poweshiek County and purchased a piece of land on the open prairie near Malcom and made that his home until 1907, when he removed to Montezuma. In 1891 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1893, serving in the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth general assemblies.

✓ CHARLES ASHMAN DUDLEY was born at Freedom, Portage County, Ohio, November 14, 1839, and died at Des Moines, Iowa, October 18, 1917. He attended common school and in 1858 became a student in the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute at Hiram, Ohio. In 1862 he entered the University of Michigan and was graduated from there in 1865, and from the Law Department in 1866. In 1867 he came to Des Moines and engaged in the practice of law. He was first the junior member of the firm of Brown & Dudley. He was later with Judge Mitchell as Mitchell & Dudley, then in 1897 he formed a partnership with N. E. Coffin as Dudley & Coffin, which continued until he was appointed judge. He was eminently successful as a lawyer. From 1871 to 1880 he was a member of the school board, being president six years. For many years he acted as professor of jurisprudence at Drake University Law College. In 1904 Drake University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL. B., and in 1906 the University of Michigan that of A. M. In 1913 Governor Clarke appointed him to a vacancy on the district bench of Polk County and he was later elected, serving until his death. Much of the time he presided over the juvenile branch of the district court. He was regarded as the "grand old man" of the Polk County District Court and was held in high esteem and respect by practicing lawyers and by the public. The interest he had in the delinquent boys and girls who were brought before his juvenile court and the wise action he took resulted in good to many of them.

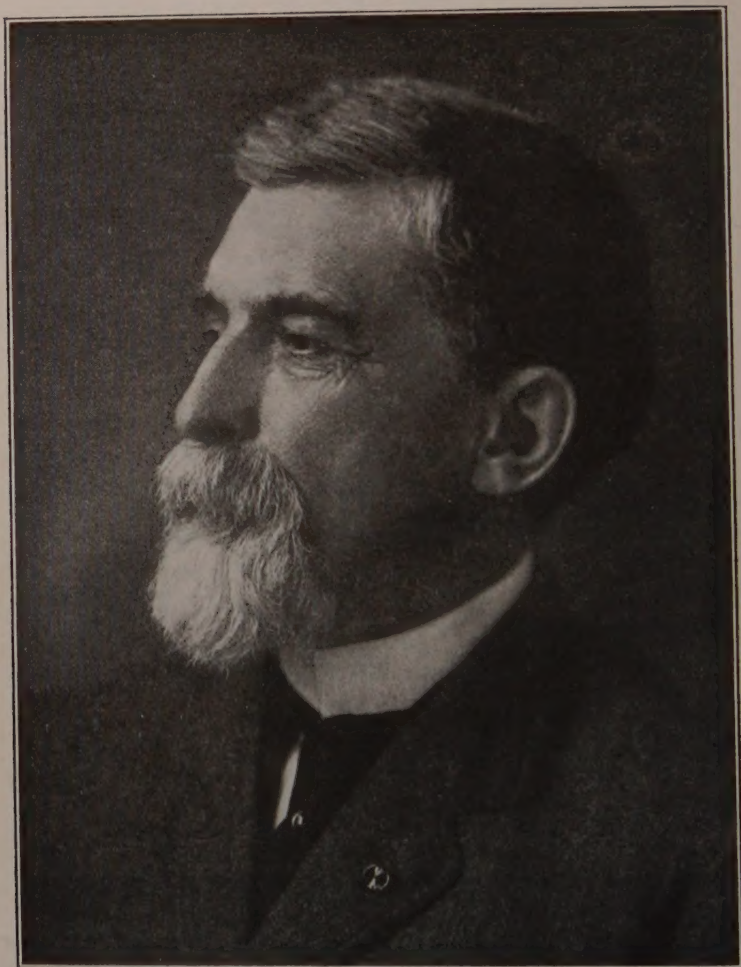
✓ WILLIAM H. C. JAKES was born at Abingdon, Virginia, October 29, 1841, and died at Ottumwa, Iowa, November 2, 1917. In 1848 he came with his parents to Fort Madison, Iowa, and in 1849 to Jefferson County. He enlisted in Company D, Nineteenth Iowa Infantry, and eighteen months thereafter was commissioned captain of Company B, Fifty-sixth United States Colored Troops, and served as such until the close of the war. The year 1866 he spent as a student in the Law Department of Harvard University. He came to Ottumwa in 1867, continued his law

studies and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He attained unusual distinction as a trial lawyer. He was city solicitor of Ottumwa for a time and was deputy collector of internal revenue. In 1908 he was the Democratic nominee for judge of the Supreme Court. He was president of the Loch Burns Hunting and Fishing Club. He was the dean of the Wapello County bar at the time of his death.

✓ GEORGE WILLIS BOTSFORD was born at West Union, Iowa, May 9, 1862, and died at his office at Columbia University, New York City, December 13, 1917. He graduated at the University of Nebraska in 1884 and received the degree of Ph. D. at Cornell University in 1891. From 1895 to 1902 he was an instructor at Harvard University in Grecian and Roman history. From 1902 until his death he occupied a similar position at Columbia University. He was the author of several notable books on ancient history, among them being "Development of the Athenian Constitution," "Ancient History for Beginners," "Hellenic Civilization," "History of Greece," "History of Rome," and "History of the Ancient World." He achieved distinction in his chosen field.

✓ JOHN FRAZEE was born in Clinton County, Indiana, February 5, 1841, and died at Bassett, Iowa, November 7, 1917. He came with his parents to Clinton County, Iowa, in 1851 and to Chickasaw County in 1852, going on a homestead where he made his home the remainder of his life. He attended common school and Upper Iowa University at Fayette for a while. He taught school for some time in his early life, but made farming his business. He held several positions of honor and trust in his township and county government. In 1893 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1895, serving in the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-sixth extra general assemblies.

✓ GILBERT S. GILBERTSON was born at Spring Grove, Minnesota, October 17, 1863, and died at Des Moines, Iowa, November 25, 1917. He was of Norwegian parentage. He came with his parents to Worth County, Iowa, in 1879. He attended public schools and later attended business college at Janesville, Wisconsin. He remained on his father's farm until he secured a position as a bookkeeper for an implement firm at Forest City. He was elected clerk of the district court of Winnebago County in 1889 and remained in that office six years. In 1896 he was elected senator from the Mitchell-Winnebago-Worth district, and served in the Twenty-sixth, Twenty-sixth extra and Twenty-seventh general assemblies. In 1900 he was elected treasurer of state and was re-elected in 1902 and in 1904. In 1900 his majority was over 100,000. On quitting the office of treasurer of state he became identified with Des Moines banking, insurance and real estate interests. He was a man of great activity and business ability.



CAPTAIN E. D. HADLEY
(Aged about seventy years.)